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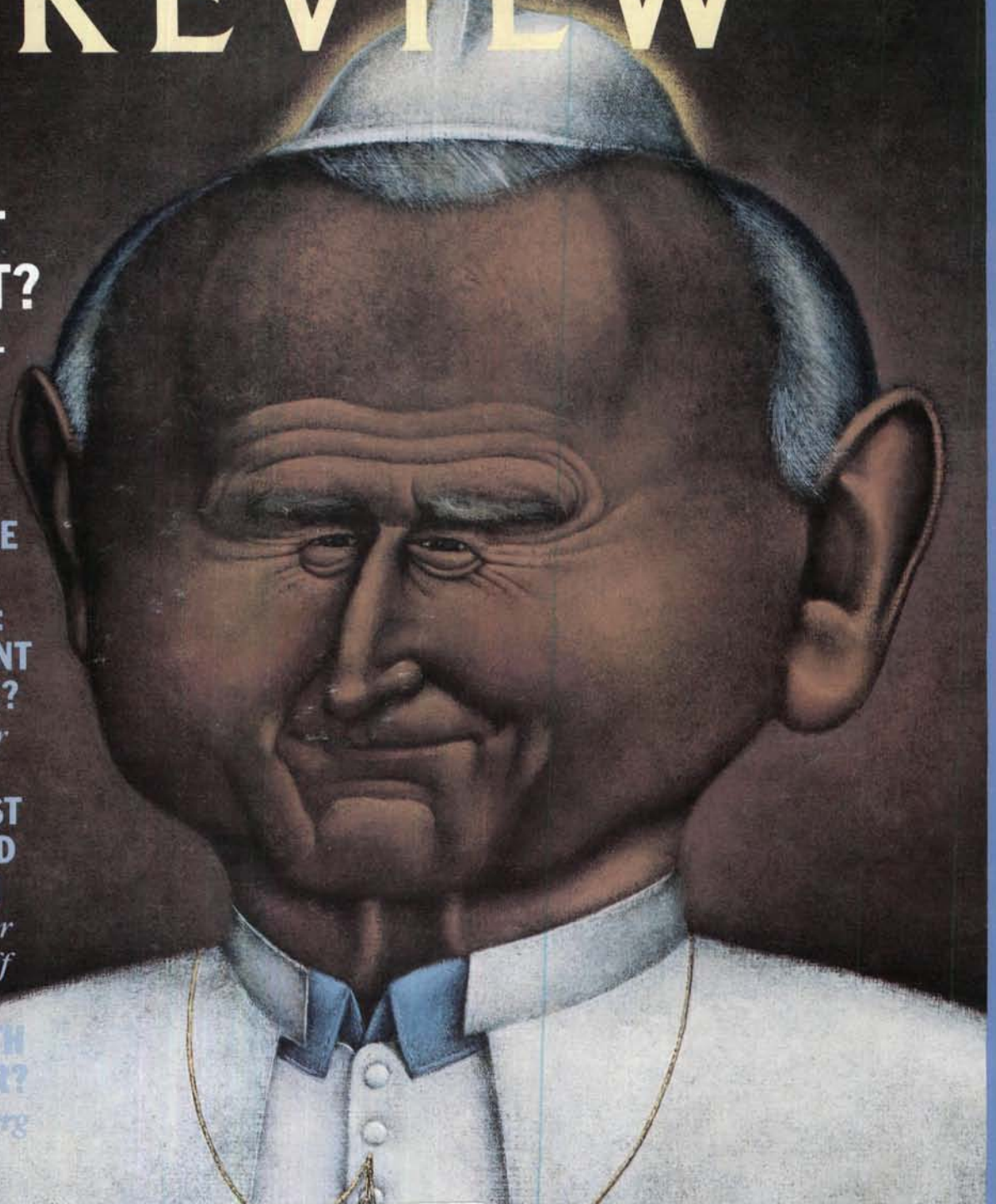
Has NATO Survived the Crisis? – The Editors, Page 13

NATIONAL REVIEW



THE LAST SOCIALIST?
THE POLITICAL THOUGHT OF JOHN PAUL II
By John Gray

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING OZONE LAYER: IS THE ARGUMENT FULL OF HOLES?
By S. Fred Singer

THE COMMUNIST WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN
By Brian Crozier and Martin Sieff

DOES THE DEATH PENALTY DETER?
By Steven Goldberg

MR. E ROY SMITH
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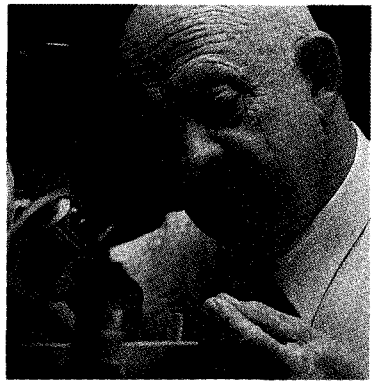

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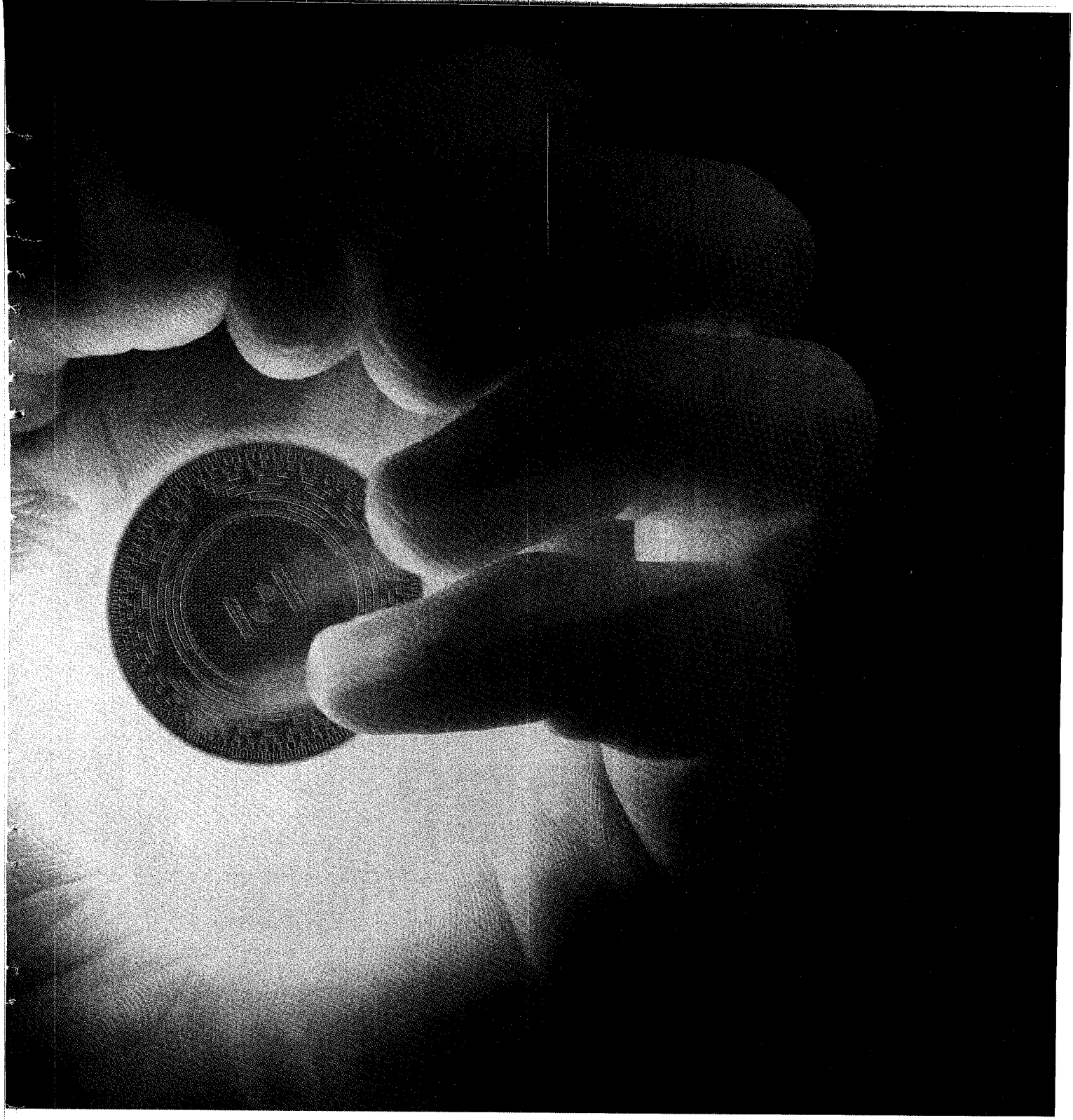

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Senior Principal Engineer
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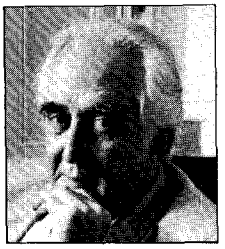
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The Pope's critique of capitalism has been misconstrued by conservatives. His blend of traditional Catholic thought and the concept of personalism is intrinsically opposed to Marxism, but, sadly, he misreads the history of Western capitalism and the way it fosters human freedom and dignity.
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William Doino Jr.

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34 **My Adventures in the Ozone Layer**
We have no real idea what's happening to the ozone layer, or why—but regulations to "save" it serve some people's purposes quite nicely. *S. Fred Singer*

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LETTERS

Friedman on S&Ls

The excellent analysis of the Administration's savings-and-loan proposal by William Niskanen and Catherine England ["Too Little, Too Late," May 19] does not go deeply enough into the reasons for the current crisis.

How come the defective insurance arrangements that they stress did not produce disaster sooner? For some thirty years after the FDIC and FSLIC were instituted, failures were few and far between, both of commercial banks and of savings-and-loan institutions. While depositors had nothing to lose by excessive risk-taking by banks, equity owners did. Hence, so long as there was a substantial equity cushion, the owners—or, for mutual institutions, the managers—had ample incentives to avoid excessive risk.

The accelerating inflation of the 1970s produced a rise in interest rates that undermined the net worth of both banks and savings-and-loan institutions, all of which borrowed on demand and loaned on time. Savings-and-loan institutions were particularly vulnerable because their assets consisted primarily of mortgage loans at fixed rates for long periods. As Niskanen and England note, once "net worth deteriorates . . . banks have an incentive to increase the risk exposure." Hence, the late 1970s produced a substantial rise in commercial-bank failures and a catastrophic jump in savings-and-loan failures.

Had monetary growth been restrained from 1970 on, accelerating inflation would have been avoided and annual bank and savings-and-loan failures would still be in single digits, despite the defects in the insurance arrangements.

One more point: The "creative proposal" termed the "most radical" by Niskanen and England is a straight replay of the "Chicago plan" for 100 per cent reserves proposed by Henry Simons and his colleagues at the University of Chicago in the 1930s and subsequently endorsed by Irving Fisher. It was a good idea then, and it is a good idea now.

Milton Friedman
Senior Research Fellow
Hoover Institution
Stanford, Calif.

Role Call

Hadley Arkes criticizes the recent PBS series *Ethics in America* on the grounds that its unwillingness to pass judgment on the different moral positions taken by its assembled discussants encourages a tendency toward moral relativism ["Moral Obtuseness in America," June 16]. Such encouragement would indeed be unfortunate, but Arkes seems not to appreciate the main source of this tendency.

He criticizes the series for failing to pronounce on the truth of moral claims, but there is no better way to encourage doubts about the objectivity of moral claims than simply to pronounce on their truth. As the proper way to teach science is to show the *method* by which scientists seek after the truth, so the proper way to help someone come to an understanding of morality is to demonstrate the *process* or rational argument by which such truths are sought. This is presumably what the series was trying to do by encouraging argumentative debate among the discussants. Not taking sides encourages the viewer to join in the search. Thus, the major shortcoming of the series is not that it did not take sides, but rather that it often did not allow the moral arguments to develop very far before the moderator intervened to change the subject.

More broadly, Arkes criticizes the conventionalism of professional codes of conduct and the claims of the series' discussants that they would adhere to these codes in the face of countervailing moral considerations. But here he seems to misunderstand the relation between general obligations—those binding on all persons—and role-specific obligations, which, under a moral division of labor, bind only those who assume certain roles. Professional codes of conduct embody role-specific obligations. Such codes are conventional to the extent that they were adopted by a profession, but they were adopted to embody the profession's role-specific obligations, and are criticizable and revisable in these terms. Thus, they are not *merely* conventional, as Arkes seems to suggest, for they are grounded more or less firmly in our understanding of moral obligation. There are, indeed, difficult moral dilemmas, of the sort that Arkes cites from the series, involving conflicts between role-specific and more general obligations. But such dilemmas should not be trivialized by characterizing the role-specific obligations

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International Union, UAW

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embodied in professional codes as merely conventional.

Steven Lee
Department of Philosophy
Hobart and William Smith Colleges
Geneva, N.Y.

Shrill Denunciations?

I was sorry to see Ben Hart repeat his *Wall Street Journal* claim in *NR* ["Books in Brief," May 19] that Murray N. Rothbard has "spent much time and energy writing shrill denunciations of religion, Christianity in particular, arguing that religious faith . . . threatens individual liberty."

Professor Rothbard—former editor of the pro-religion *Faith and Freedom*, dean of the Austrian school of economics, and founder of modern libertarianism—has never written anything of the sort, and he's written plenty: 16 books and thousands of articles.

In a telephone conversation after the *WSJ* piece, Mr. Hart told Williamson Evers of the Hoover Institution that his evidence was Professor Rothbard's criticism of the Puritans in his history of colonial America, *Conceived in Liberty*.

Finding fault with the Puritans is not, of course, the same as denouncing Christianity. Professor Rothbard is in fact a sort of libertarian Maurras. Though a non-believer, he is convinced that Christianity is the fount of individual liberty, natural rights, the free market, the arts, and virtually everything else worthwhile in Western society.

I hope that Mr. Hart will not make this particular mistake again.

Llewellyn H. Rockwell Jr.
President
Ludwig von Mises Institute
Burlingame, Calif.

Kangaroo U.

Daniel Seligman's description of the one-sided condemnation of Professor Michael Levin by the Faculty Senate of my alma mater (the City College of New York) illustrates the current mode of the academic-fairness problem ["Race, Scholarship, and Affirmative Action," May 5]. Levin's transgression was to mention, in the Australian journal *Quadrant*, the well-established difference between blacks and whites in average intelligence. Usually, academics mobilize discreetly against such deviations, and with some semblance of due process, in order to make it difficult for outsiders to judge. In the Levin case, the Faculty Senate's 61 to 3 vote concerning his published statement illustrates what a kangaroo-court academia has become. In my own department, I was similarly forced out of teaching a required course after outlandish complaints from leftist students, not the least strange being that I "know too much about IQ." Competence, therefore, is not the issue.

Some of what I knew was that the average black-white IQ difference has remained at 18 points for sixty years; that mental tests predict important outcomes equally well for blacks and whites; that raising intelligence still remains beyond our capabilities; that IQ measures pretty much what the laity thinks of as "intelligence"; and that IQ is implicated in criminality and job performance to a much greater degree than has been generally realized. These troubling facts, apparently not known to CCNY President Bernard Harleston (a psychologist), were known to Levin. There are movements afoot on many campuses to stifle classroom discussion of certain racial issues, essentially by criminalizing "insensitivity." The real point of the *auto de fe* at City College, of course, was intimidation—to make an example out of Levin, should anyone else be inclined toward candor on the subject of race differences.

Future leaders of all races must realize that we are confronted by knotty problems concerning race for which we are ill-prepared. If being informed about such matters and having the integrity to share that knowledge disqualifies one from teaching those students, our society will suffer from the lack of faculty balance so shockingly apparent at CCNY.

Robert A. Gordon
Professor of Sociology
Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Md.

Freedom to Teach, Responsibly

The Faculty Senate at CCNY was quite right to formally condemn Michael Levin's published remarks alleging that blacks are inferior to whites in IQ, though it was wrong to label such remarks as simply racist. The publication of such views, however, even in an obscure Australian journal, is a decidedly reckless act.

Contrary to Levin's claims, the evidence for his views is anything but solid. For one thing, as Thomas Sowell points out, much research has shown that IQ scores are "substantially affected by environment." Black orphans raised in white homes, for example, score at or above the national average. Also, Americans of Italian, Polish, or Jewish descent averaged much lower scores around World War I than they do today.

Just as important, even if it is supposed that intelligence is 100 per cent heritable (and even Arthur Jensen claims only 80 per cent) the reasons for the difference in average IQ between blacks and whites might still be chiefly, or wholly, environmental. This is because the heritability of a trait *within* groups tells us nothing whatever about intergroup differences.

Academic freedom is certainly important, but so is academic responsibility.

Joel Suffens
South Gate, Calif.

Out of Place, Out of Touch

In Wayne Lutton's review, "Spinning the Cokecoon" ["Spring-Summer Books," June 2], the parenthetical statement, "Apparently the international homosexual community has come to view Peru as a happy hunting ground, where the favors of young boys can be purchased for a pittance," seems unnecessary to his review and raises more questions than it answers: Is this information in the book? Are young girls being bought by the international *straight* community?

If Mr. Lutton is understandably upset by the exploitation of children, perhaps he should contribute some time and energy to investigating the causes and possible corrections.

It is well known to most psychologists that gay males do not as a group (which Mr. Lutton seems to imply) prey upon young males. There is a percentage of the gay population that does, but in most child-molestation cases the guilty party is from the straight community.

I am sure that Mr. Lutton is an upstanding citizen of this country. However, there are also many morally upstanding gay and lesbian people. And upstanding

"It's a very benign form of amnesia—he's forgotten all about the Carter Administration."

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adult gay males are not interested in the sort of behavior he describes. Immoral behavior transcends sexual preferences.

I found that Mr. Lutton's gratuitous aside suggests a closed mind on certain topics, which made me question the value of the rest of his review.

Mickey Synn
New York, N.Y.

A Friendly Reminder

I am most grateful to the dean of TV commentary, Fred Friendly, for his kind (and generous) review of my book, *On the Firing Line* ["Spring-Summer Books," June 2], but I am obliged to demur on one criticism he makes. He writes, "In his searing analysis of a 1965 debate with James Baldwin at the Cambridge Union, WFB cannot resist the gratuitous observations that Baldwin was 'a black; he hated America; he was a religious skeptic and a homosexual.' In his commentary on his friend Roy Cohn, WFB feels no compulsion to define Cohn's sexual proclivities."

Now, Fred, goddammit, what I wrote (page 53) was that at the debate in Cambridge, "Baldwin incarnated everything then popular with an iconoclastic student audience. He was a black; he hated America; he was a religious skeptic and a homosexual." It should have been absolutely plain to you from the above that it was relevant to remark the defiant homosexuality of Baldwin—as appealing to the iconoclasts in the audience. When Roy Cohn appeared a) there was no audience, b) the subject of homosexuality was utterly irrelevant to the discussion or to ambient circumstances.

The question, then, comes down to: Do I feel a compulsion to remark the sexual proclivities of my guests? The answer is: No. I don't.

But if Mr. Friendly were my guest I would be tempted to yield to my compulsion to remark his proclivity to marry splendid women!

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
New York, N.Y.

Whose Conservatism?

It comes as a shock that NATIONAL REVIEW should carry an editorial about the termination of the relationship between the Rockford Institute and Richard John Neuhaus, and judge the Institute guilty of unjustified and uncivilized action, without any fair inquiry into the reasons behind this action ["Unpleasant Business," "The Week," June 16].

The editorial includes major errors of fact. For example, the first sentence labels John Howard the president of the Institute (he retired from that post nearly three years ago) and calls Richard John Neuhaus the president of the Institute's Center on Religion & Society (he was in fact a program director, and the Center is a branch office).

The Institute, after three meetings of the executive committee of its board of directors, acted to close its New York office on May 5, shortly after 9 A.M., for several reasons: 1) Pastor Neuhaus's private contacts with several key donors to the Institute had led to the delay or loss of contracted or anticipated grants to pay for the current programs of the Center he headed; 2) he twice refused to follow directives from the Institute's executive committee and the president to reduce specific program expenses; 3) while serving as a program executive of the Institute, he repeatedly made damaging allegations concerning his employer to various important outside parties; and 4) he threatened on May 3 that unless the Institute acceded to certain terms for his departure, he and his staff would resign, and he would make public allegations against *Chronicles*, and also charge the Institute with problems in its method of financing. The persons involved in the May 5 closing of the New York office included the president, the executive vice president, and a board member.

The editorial castigates the Institute for going to the press with the story. Our calls to several specific editors were prompted by Pastor Neuhaus's repeated threats to make public allegations of anti-Semitism and financial irregularities. In this context, we believed that we had little recourse in the face of what we saw as intellectual extortion.

Contrary to the editorial, the recent Neuhaus complaints against *Chronicles* date back at least to February (not May 3), when he first registered his charges with the president. Following an exchange of memoranda and phone calls, the president agreed to propose to our board of directors Neuhaus's request to detach the Center on Religion & Society from the Institute. In late March, the executive committee of our board authorized negotiations to this end. Among a few conditions, the executive committee asked that there be no interference with the flow of income before the separation and that no "backbiting" occur. Subsequent actions by Pastor Neuhaus undermined these simple requirements for achieving an independent center.

The Gore Vidal essay and review that has piqued such ire did not constitute an editorial endorsement of Vidal. One writer liked his literary essays. The other, while providing a lengthy list of Vidal's sins and enemies, attempted to locate his political and social views in a context that included Henry Adams. Like NATIONAL REVIEW's film critic, John Simon, the writers of these pieces consider Vidal a "respectable writer" worth discussing. Does Manhattan conservatism require criticism of Proust to be based solely on his homosexuality, Eliot condemned for his monarchism, and Horatio Alger preferred to Hemingway on political grounds?

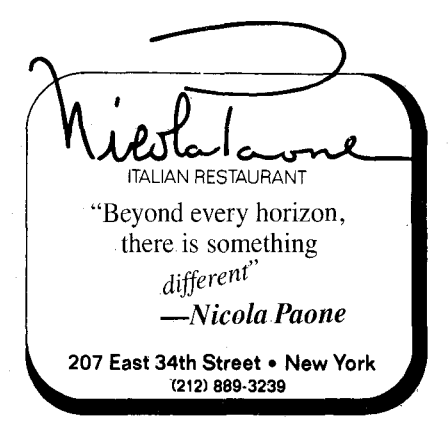
Faithful readers of *Chronicles* are aware of its generous editorial policy that opens its pages to a broad spectrum of opinion. In that spirit, we were willing to publish controversial pieces on Gore Vidal, although the editor's own criticism of Vidal has been unsparing.

Up until a few weeks ago, we would not have understood the phrase "Rockford conservatism." After all, the principles we espouse—belief in strong families, vital religion, limited government, free enterprise, strong national defense, and a healthy distrust of universalist ideologies—were common to all conservatives. Now we are not sure. Perhaps NATIONAL REVIEW is right that these values now are to be peculiarly identified with the Rockford Institute.

The early days of NATIONAL REVIEW witnessed spirited debates among the magazine's editors, and the conservative mind was better for the freedom of discussion enjoyed by your contributors. We hope that those days of free-spirited controversy are not over at NATIONAL REVIEW. Certainly at *Chronicles*, as with all the programs of the Rockford Institute, the conservative mind is not closed.

Allan C. Carlson, President
Michael Y. Warder, Executive VP
John A. Howard, Counselor
The Rockford Institute
Thomas J. Fleming, Editor
Chronicles
Rockford, Ill.

In our next issue, Pastor Neuhaus will comment. —ED.



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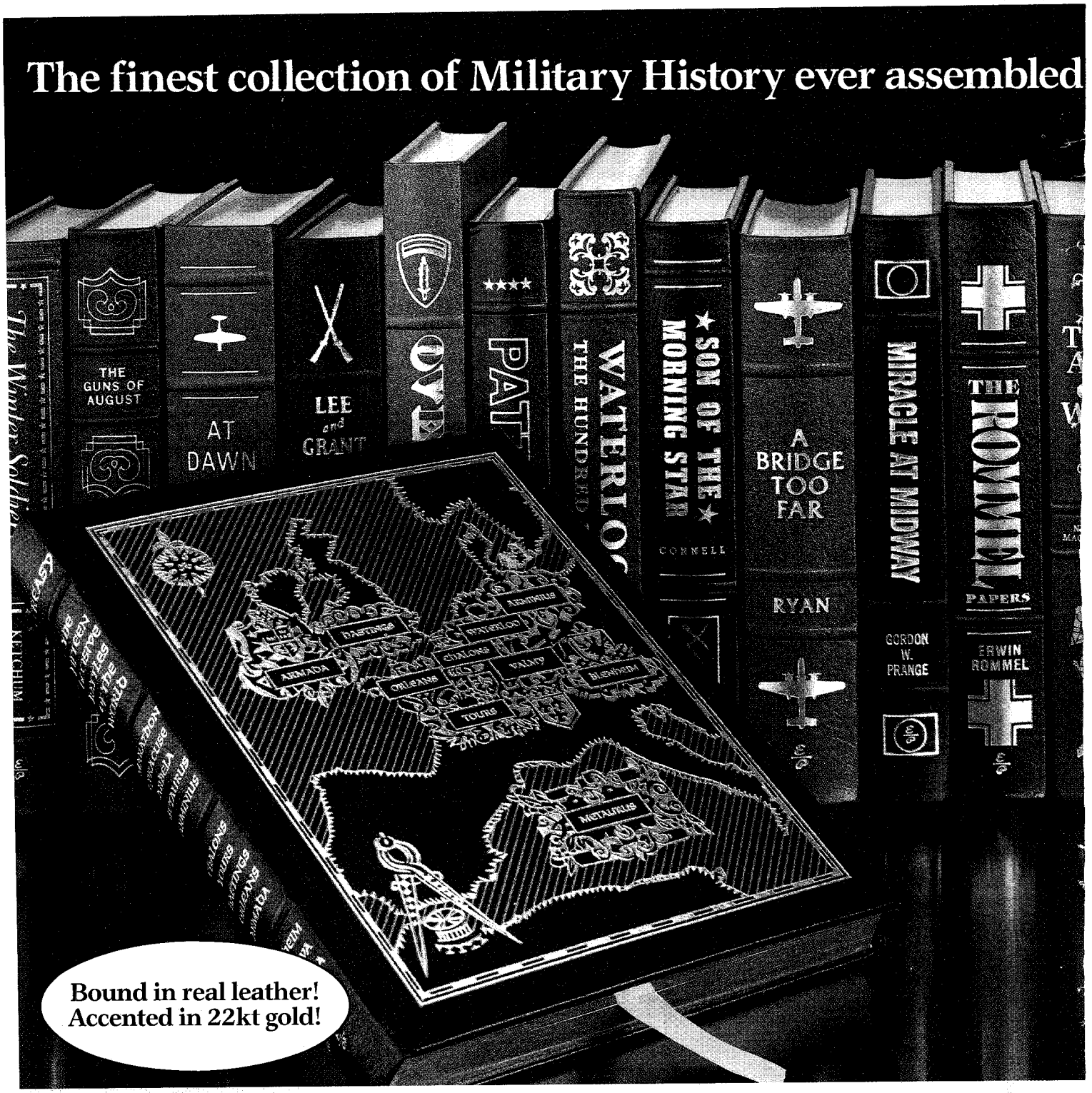

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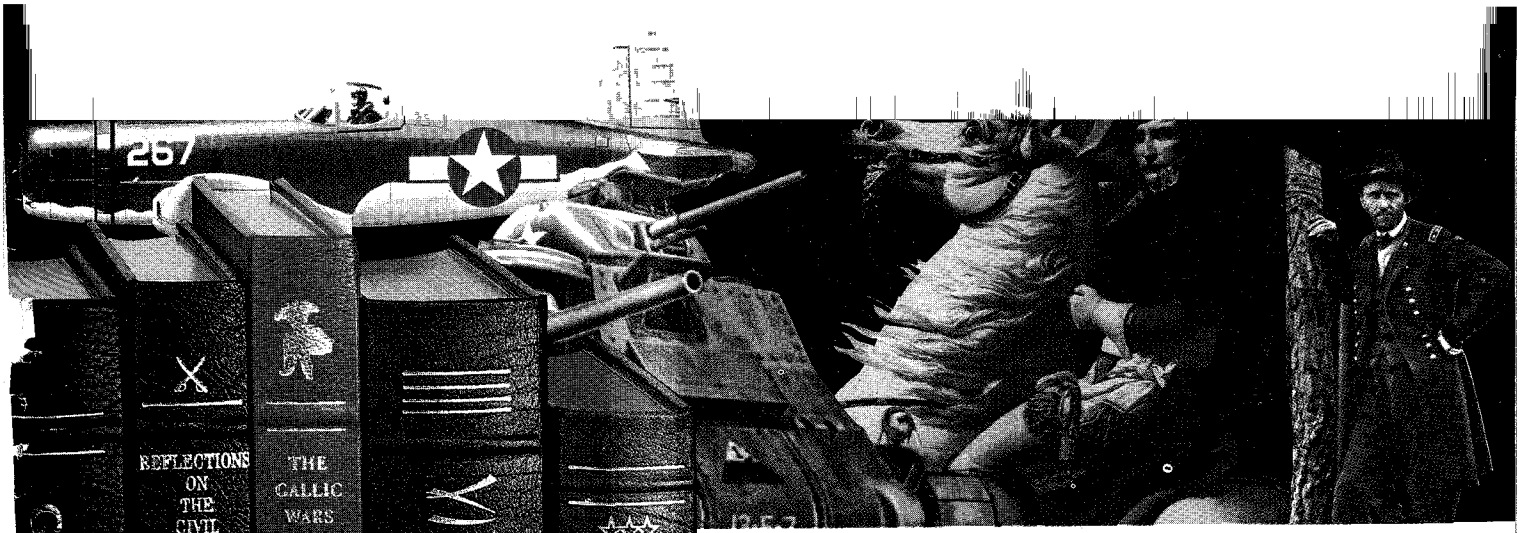

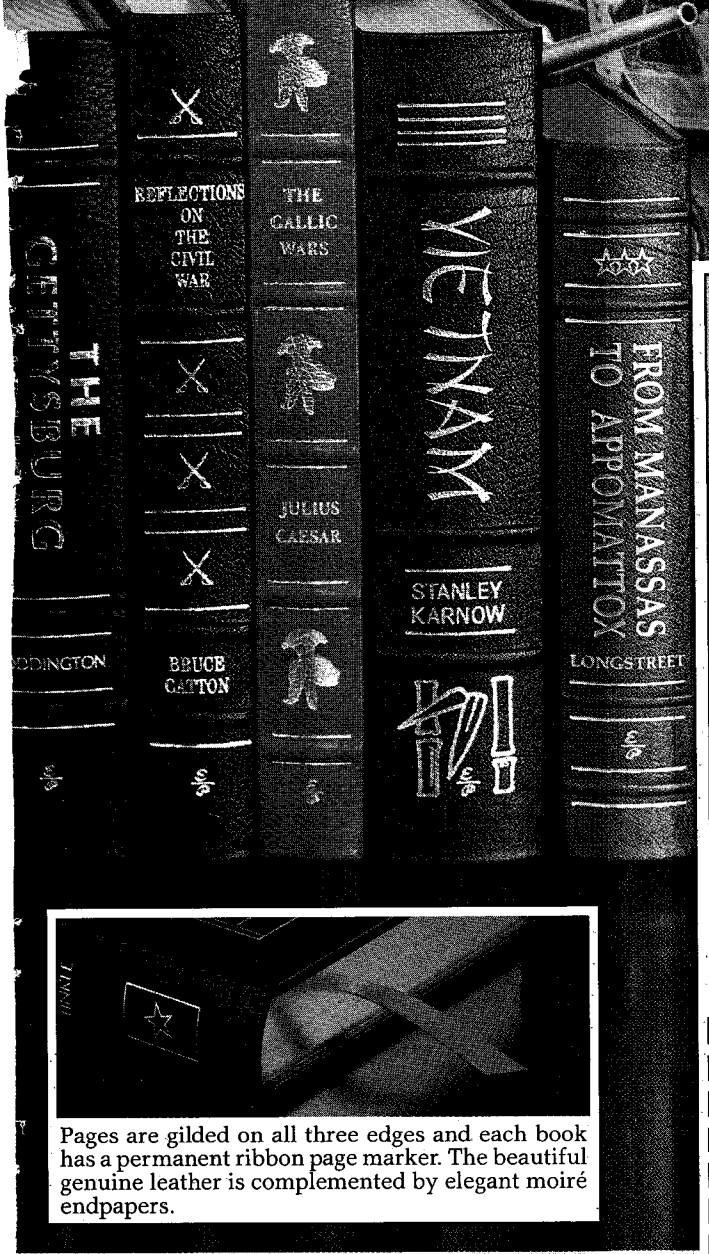

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FOR THE RECORD

What follows **Coelho-Wright** show? **Fred Wertheimer** of Common Cause, which early on called for investigation of Jim Wright, says "we clearly have our best chance since the Watergate days to make major institutional reforms in Congress." Those reforms, says Rep. **Vic Fazio** (D., Calif.), of Committee on Standards of Official Conduct, must include "a realistic pay raise to make up for the loss of honoraria." . . . **Roger Craver**, a Democratic direct-mail man, warns that members of Congress cannot afford to, and hence will not, adopt legislation that will reduce their income. . . . "Why do I take honoraria?" asks Sen. **Tim Wirth** (D., Colo.). He answers: "To send to my two favorite charities, Harvard and Stanford [where his two children are enrolled]." . . . On the succession, the struggle within the Democratic Party is ideological as well as personal. Moderate-to-conservative Democrats called on Speaker-to-be **Tom Foley** last week to demand he include them in policy decisions more often than Wright did. After meeting, Mississippi's **G. V. (Sonny) Montgomery** said his group was satisfied with Foley's assurances. (Foley is ideologically to the left of Wright.) . . . Moderate Democrats are backing Rep. **Ed Jenkins** (Ga.) to succeed Foley as Majority Leader and **Beryl Anthony** (Ark.) to succeed Coelho as whip rather than Left liberals such as **William Gray** (Pa.) and **Henry Waxman** (Calif.). . . . Incidentally, Republican Rep. **Mickey Edwards** (Okla.) believes Foley will give Republicans "a fair break. He will give you a chance to offer your amendment." . . . Republican tacticians are delighted that Coelho is gone. Says Republican consultant **Eddie Mahe**, "He was their [the House Democrats'] best strategist. He was their best political thinker." . . . Coelho himself boasts: "The greatest role I played was to prevent the **Reagan** revolution from succeeding." . . . Summing up the Democratic debacle,

Holland, *Daily Telegraph*, London / Rotheo

"Where does the opposition sit?"

Lee Atwater of Republican National Committee commented: "There comes a time in politics when the best thing to do is follow the **Napoleonic** maxim: never interfere with the enemy while he is in the process of destroying himself."

Not much emphasized in obituaries of the Ayatollah **Khomeini**, the 1987 UN Commission on Human Rights estimate that as many as seven thousand people were "shot, hanged, stoned, or burned to death" during and right after the 1979 revolution. In subsequent years, at least thirty thousand were jailed for political reasons and tens of thousands executed. . . . Khomeini's justice was swift and harsh. On January 21, 1989, he decreed tough new anti-drug laws. By early May, 356 drug dealers had been shot. . . . In eight-year Iran-Iraq war, it's estimated that over one million men (and boys) were killed. . . . One beneficiary of Khomeini's rage: **Salman Rushdie**, 800,000 copies of whose novel *The Satanic Verses* have been published by Viking. That's fifty thousand more hardcover copies than **Tom Wolfe**'s blockbusting *Bonfire of the Vanities* racked up. Rushdie's earlier novels sold between seven and eight thousand copies. . . . Bad show: **José Napoleón Duarte**, whose Christian Democratic Party was voted out of office in Salvadoran elections, told AP at farewell party that "there may be differences between **Cristiani** [El Salvador's new president] and **d'Aubuisson** [hard-line rightist leader of victorious Arena party], but they both support a totalitarian project." This just as liberal Democrats on Hill are looking for an excuse to cut U.S. aid to El Salvador.

On the left: **William Sloane Coffin** of SANE/Freeze was at Brussels NATO meeting, as was **Bruce Kent**, former chairman of British Committee for Nuclear Disarmament, to campaign against short-range nuclear weapons. Said Coffin, in interview with Communist *People's Daily World*, "What we want to do is to support the German position." . . . Militant students at Temple University recently chased **John Davies**, a South African consul, from speaker's platform, pursued him to police car, and bashed in a car window. . . . At hour-long meeting with representatives of Congressional Black Caucus (CBC), President **Bush** rejected calls for further sanctions against South Africa and informed CBC chairman **Ron Dellums** that U.S. would support Angola freedom-fighter **Jonas Savimbi** until Brazzaville Accords (calling for Cuban withdrawal from Angola) are implemented. . . . A March **Gallup** poll of South African blacks, incidentally, shows 85 per cent oppose foreign disinvestment because it leads to unemployment and increased poverty. . . . In again, out again: Harvard-Radcliffe Undergraduate Council invited ROTC to return to campus in April (it had been booted out in 1969), but reversed itself when Harvard's Gay and Lesbian Student Association complained that the military services discriminate against homosexuals.

Brought to mind by death of Rep. (one-time senator) Claude Pepper, the spirited 1950 Florida senatorial primary in which **George Smathers** described Pepper—or so the story goes—as "a shameless extrovert" whose sister was "a thespian in wicked New York." It was, moreover "an established fact that Mr. Pepper, before his marriage, practiced celibacy."

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THE WEEK

☐ Does this mean Rushdie's off the hook?

☐ Lord Nelson's last words were "Kiss me, Hardy!" Goethe's were, "More light!" As the shades closed around the Ayatollah Khomeini, he is said to have murmured, "Oh, shiite!"

☐ In case you missed it, *NBC Nightly News* began a new feature on Friday, June 2: Capitol Watch, which "reports on how Washington really works these days." The first victim was Congressman Les Aspin, who founded the Aspin Procurement Institute, "staffed it with his own aides," and "got a Pentagon grant to keep it going. The Institute's official mission is to help Wisconsin get more Pentagon contracts." It makes for nice campaign commercials—"During the past 15 months alone, Les Aspin has helped 77 Wisconsin firms get half a billion dollars in federal contracts, and more than five thousand new jobs for Wisconsin." There are 61 such taxpayer-supported institutes around the country (a scandal in itself?), but only the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee has one named after him. Apart from the Pentagon, API also gets money from defense contractors and other disinterested sources. Aspin's comment? "Naw, I don't want to answer about those. [LAUGHS.]" Kudos to Tom Brokaw and the rest of NBC News for shedding light on yet another perfectly legal congressional practice.

☐ The government wants to force automakers to improve average fuel consumption from 26.5 to 27.5 miles per gallon, so that we can become less dependent on foreign oil and still cancel nuclear-power plants on whim. The experts say this will require reducing the weight of new cars by five hundred pounds, making them less safe. The projection is for 2,200 to 3,900 more highway deaths and 11,000 to 19,500 more serious injuries for 1990-model cars, not mentioned in the government's press release.

☐ Remember David Stockman? He told William Greider in 1981 that his philosophy in government was, "We have to show that we are willing to attack powerful clients with weak claims . . . The client groups know how to make themselves heard. The problem is, unorganized groups can't play in this game." Stockman left government to join an organized group—Salomon Brothers. According to *The Nation*, he was one of 41 Salomon executives who last March contributed $500 to "the re-election campaign" of Thomas Foley—who is routinely re-elected with over 60 per cent of the vote. But maybe Stockman thinks Foley (cumulative ACU rating: 14 per cent) will help cut the deficit.

☐ In back of all those polls on how the American people think Bush is doing a good job even if they don't quite know what he's doing is more good news for the GOP. According to a recent *New York Times*/CBS News poll, 44 per cent of Americans now describe themselves as Republicans, against 46 per cent who describe themselves as Democrats. The figures in 1981 were 39 and 49 per cent; in 1985, 43 and 47. Among 18- to 29-year-olds, the numbers were even more cheering for the GOP—42 to 47 in 1981, 48 to 42 in 1985, and 52 to 38 this year. That is an unprecedented swing of ten percentage points in less than a decade. Roll over, Jim Farley.

☐ The international airline cartel, IATA, plans to sneak through some nasty fare increases for U.S. travelers in the form of deliberately complex and secretive changes in the rules. By no coincidence, all these changes have the effect of imposing the highest, least competitive fares on those buying tickets in the United States. For those who couldn't meet the restrictions on discounted round-trip fares, it has been much cheaper to fly from London to Tokyo than from Tokyo to London, for example, and that will still be true for British travelers. Anyone buying that same London-to-Tokyo ticket in the U.S., though, will soon pay the 44 per cent higher fare charged from Tokyo to London. A flight from Athens to Chicago that stops in Frankfurt has likewise been much cheaper than the shorter flight from Frankfurt to Chicago, so that it paid to buy the Athens ticket even if you were actually leaving from Frankfurt. That too would be prohibited for those buying tickets in the U.S. rather than in Greece. These sneaky fare hikes mainly affect U.S. business travelers, and higher travel costs make U.S. firms less competitive, particularly those that have to travel to promote U.S. exports. The ability to exercise price discrimination between tourists, who do

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not have to travel, and businessmen who do is not a sign of virtue, but rather of devious abuse of brute monopoly power.

☐ Is Fidel Castro embarking on another round of revolutionary adventurism in Latin America? The well-informed Spanish-language Miami daily *Diaro las Américas* says that hundreds of Cuban soldiers, back from Angola, have regrouped in Panama and been reassigned to covert duties in Ecuador, Peru, and Argentina. Two months ago, Secretary of State James Baker addressed a confidential memorandum to Latin American embassies and consulates in Washington warning them about these new Cuban forays. It is widely suspected that Cuba was involved in the recent La Tablada mutiny in Argentina. Question: Is Castro going it alone, or is the whole thing a well-camouflaged Soviet covert operation in America's backyard?

☐ Andrei Sakharov was the butt of patriotic heckling in the new Soviet Congress, as a legless veteran of the Afghan war accused him of wanting "to discredit the Soviet army," and Mikhail Gorbachev applauded. We wonder, not for the first time, if the very heterogeneity of the Soviet Union—ethnic, religious, political—may not work to Gorbachev's advantage, at least in the near term. Today, he can say to the veteran, I am your only bulwark against rootless cosmopolites. Tomorrow, he can say to Sakharov, I am your only bulwark against raving nationalists. United, they stand; divided—he stands.

☐ This will come as no surprise to anyone, but the San Francisco Board of Supervisors has voted (unanimously) to give legal recognition to "domestic partnerships," meaning that unmarried couples are entitled to the same status as married couples. All you and your domestic partner have to do is register with the city under the new definition as "two people who have chosen to share one another's lives in an intimate and committed relationship," and presto—nobody can discriminate against you any more. Of course you also have to notify the city if your intimate and committed relationship fizzles out. In addition, the city is contemplating a health-insurance plan under which domestic partners would be covered by ye olde taxpayer in the event that they came down with, say, AIDS. It could get expensive, but what the heck—there's buggery in the love that can be reckoned.

☐ Aroused feminists at the University of Toronto wouldn't let any mere budget squeeze block creation of a new agency, the Sexual Harassment Commission. To their dismay, the Commission had nothing to do for years. But now they have their case, and like the Mounties, they got their man. A middle-aged engineering professor has been convicted of leering. It seems he bedecked himself in frogman gear for his swims in the campus pool, and some bathing beauties felt he was peering at them through his mask. These frog squints, the accused objected, were simply because of his vigorous, thrashing style. The professor the ladies found so unappealing is appealing the conviction, claiming the tribunal acted unjustly. His chances are slim.

☐ MORE ON THE IMPARTIALITY OF HIGHER EDUCATION (from a form letter, from Eli Publications, P.O. Box 5647, Yale Station, New Haven): ". . . Over this past summer, Yale's freshman-class yearbook, the *Old Campus*, conducted a survey of the incoming class of 1992. With a response rate of over 70 per cent, they found that 64 per cent of those polled planned to vote for George Bush. Yet by December, an Eli Publications poll revealed that only 20 per cent of the freshman class would admit they were Republican."

☐ The late Senator Warren Magnuson of Washington is remembered in the Capitol more for his malapropisms than for his politics, for which the Lord be thanked. Who can think ill of a man to whom a French president was "poopidoo" and an LBJ aide (Joseph Califano) "Cauliflower"? Or who would respond to an attack on a pet project by environmentalists: "We can't all go live at Walden Pond. Even Walden only lived there for two years"?

☐ Where's Winnie Mandela?

☐ Deng, Ligachev, and Brezhnev are now called conservatives. We hear that Mr. Russell Kirk is revising his seminal work, to be re-titled *The Conservative Mind: From Burke to Stalin.*

The NATO Compromise: Dangerous

BEFORE THE NEWS from China arrived to shock us, there was widespread approval from Congress, the media, and the European allies for President Bush's handling of the NATO summit in Brussels. His dramatic proposal of sharp cuts in conventional arms, ran the consensus, had pleased the Germans, enabled a compromise on short-range missiles to be reached between Mrs. Thatcher and German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher, obtained unity for NATO on its fortieth birthday, and wrested the initiative from Mikhail Gorbachev in the battle for European public opinion.

Our own rapture is somewhat more modified. Mr. Bush did establish a sound equation by linking the reduction of our short-range nuclear forces (SNF) to

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the destruction of Soviet tanks, since our missiles are there in the first place to counter Soviet tank superiority. But in three important respects, the decisions taken augur ill for NATO's future cohesiveness and security.

First, the Western strategy of flexible response, which rests squarely on nuclear credibility, was weakened further when a decision on modernizing our SNF was postponed until at least 1992. At the same time, NATO agreed to enter negotiations limiting SNF once a conventional-arms accord had begun to be implemented. This was the grand compromise. The Germans were persuaded to go along on the understanding that a conventional agreement would start by the fall of 1990; Mrs. Thatcher was so persuaded by the proviso that the talks aimed only at the *partial* elimination of such weapons—i.e., no "third zero."

It is a compromise built on sand. No one in NATO believes that it will be possible to complete the conventional-arms agreement by the fall of 1990. But the compromise will create pressure to reach an agreement by then on virtually any terms, and the West Germans will be emboldened to insist upon SNF talks whether or not a conventional accord has been reached. The same momentum of Genscherite optimism is likely to ensure that, when the talks get under way, the West Germans will successfully object to that qualifying "partial." And after that? Complete "denuclearization," which would, in Richard Perle's words, "remove the principal obstacle to superior Soviet conventional forces"? If so, NATO's nuclear crisis will have only been postponed. And until the tide of Left neutralism in German politics begins to be reversed, there will be a succession of such crises.

Second, the President used the summit as an occasion to jettison the policy that keeps much militarily applicable Western technology out of Soviet hands. This so-called "no exceptions" policy has contributed greatly to the USSR's grossly inferior technological standing in many areas—arguably one of the most powerful incentives for Gorbachev's *perestroika* and his interest in reducing tensions with the West.

Finally, there was a touch of Mr. Reagan's "Reykjavik surprise" in the sudden reversal of carefully negotiated NATO positions on conventional arms in response to domestic media pressures. That provoked the French and British to enter reservations on Mr. Bush's proposed cuts in dual-purpose aircraft, which initially seemed to place their national deterrents at risk—a ticklish point at the very moment when U.S. troop withdrawals are proposed and when Germany's neutralist drift poses a real threat of U.S.-European "de-coupling." Mr. Bush has since given the assurance that French and British planes will not be included. But that only makes the task of assembling a credible negotiating package by September all the more difficult.

And it was already a formidable task. Defining the things to be limited is staggeringly complex. When is an "armored personnel carrier" actually a tank? How does one determine the status of military personnel ostensibly removed from the area covered by any treaty? How does the West prevent such limits as are agreed upon from becoming significant impediments to its technological innovation—long a bulwark for NATO's defense?

Compared to the discord likely to afflict Western ranks as these negotiations proceed, the traumatic events leading up to the NATO summit will seem harmony itself. In particular, the French and British are likely to find themselves in the unappetizing—and possibly untenable—position of staving off frenetic German proposals for new concessions. If this summit is any guide, the U.S. under President Bush and the media-directed Secretary Baker may well side with the Federal Republic in order to be praised for winning public-relations battles against Mikhail Gorbachev. But no number of public-relations victories will compensate for a single defeat on the battlefield.

On the Road in Germany

George Bush, knee-deep in flowers
  As Germans roared a *Ja!*
While Dutchmen waved from windmills and
  Danes hollered a huzza,
Has upstaged for the moment
  The Russian's siren tune,
But Gorbachev is booked in Bonn
  For several days in June.

W. H. VON DREELE

Under Western Eyes

IT LOOKED too good to be true, and that, in the short run, is what it turned out to be. The upswelling in Tiananmen Square, with its Statue of Liberty placards, its signs in English for the benefit of the global village, the earnest exhortations to bewildered soldiers to behave like a People's Army, became, in a night, shattered barricades, burnt-out buses, a litter of broken bodies on streets swept by a leaden wind. The tale is not ended, but the massacre was the end of the beginning. When its anniversary becomes, as William Safire predicted, a national holiday, the students and bystanders who were cut down will be its martyrs.

The students' idealistic faith in democracy was inspiring. It does not oblige us to respond with a parallel idealism which, given our longer experience of free political life, would be deluded. There has been a good deal of loose talk in recent years, from conservatives as much as liberals, about democracy

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"sweeping" the earth. We must do democracy—more accurately, freedom—the justice of understanding it better than that. Tyranny, which is simple, can sweep into power quite suddenly; cf. the rise of the happily late Ayatollah. The road to secure democratic freedom is hard.

It may also be long. To take the long view for a moment, as the Chinese are said to do, the student strike lasted seven weeks before its first stage was suppressed, at a cost of thousands of lives. In the mid nineteenth century, the Taiping rebellion lasted 17 years, and cost thirty million lives—after which the dynasty it sought to topple held on for another half-century. There is a lot of ruin in a nation, said Adam Smith—by which he meant that rulers can make a lot of mistakes before the final, fatal one.

This does not mean that, in the meantime, the regime will ever be able to regain its popular standing. Maoism was disgraced by the Cultural Revolution, and abandoned by Deng Xiaoping. Deng's dictatorial pragmatism has now been disgraced in turn. The peers and friends of the slain students are unlikely to forget or forgive June 4, however long they must live under those who gave the orders. It is in the interest of the United States to give these Chinese, the cadres of tomorrow, every opportunity to experience the freedoms that were flouted that night: by studying here, by enjoying whatever commercial activity they can at home.

This is one reason why the reaction to the Administration's reaction—an impatience with White House caution, shared by Jesse Helms and Stephen Solarz—was wrong-headed. [See also "On the Right," p. 63.] We could cheer lustily from the sidelines (with no power to enter the game ourselves), which would ensure that the Chinese would be closed off from the outside world, at least our part of it.

The other reason caution is called for has to do with our own security. We concluded, 14 years ago, a war in Vietnam we had entered out of fear of Chinese expansionism. The fear was not unrealistic. China, despite its weakness, is the third power in the world, the second power in the unfree world. For ten years, China and the Soviet Union stood side by side in the world's broils. For thirty something, they have been distant. There was a time we could face down the two of them together. That time is past. The Administration was right to do nothing in moralizing haste that it would repent at leisure.

In the interval between the time these words are written and the time they are read, the Chinese situation may have unraveled to such an extent that American analyses must be reworked. The guiding principles will remain, however. The Chinese government, out of its folly and addiction to despotism, has gotten itself into its present fix. It, and the Chinese people, must work themselves out of the wreckage. We are the friends of the aspirations for freedom in China as elsewhere—the guarantors only of our own.

The Beast Turns

Old men who marched with Mao will don
Their body armor, like King John,
And, stony-eyed, fight to stampede
Boys dreaming of a Runnymede.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Incumbent Party, The Party of Incumbents

THE FIRST REACTION to Jim Wright's and Tony Coelho's fall from power, swift as the fall of Milton's Satan from Heaven, was shock absorption. Al Gore worried about "the degree of confidence" the American people would have in their government. Coelho himself, rolling in the fiery abyss, said "we need good fights," but not "character assassination."

The immediate second reaction was, Who is next in line for assassination?

The Democrats knew who: their scourge and nemesis, Newt Gingrich.

Questions had been raised as early as March, when he decided to run for the post of Republican whip, about *Window of Opportunity*, Gingrich's book, which is supposed to be parallel to Jim Wright's. The parallel is, to put it charitably, inexact. "[My] book," as Gingrich has said, "actually showed up in bookstores, unlike Mr. Wright's book; it was actually bought by individual citizens, unlike Mr. Wright's book; it is in fact a serious intellectual work, unlike Mr. Wright's book." Gingrich might have added that he (a former college professor) is actually capable of writing an actual book, unlike . . . certain colleagues. But it is not the book itself but the promotion of it that the Democrats hope to depict as underhanded. Twenty-one Gingrich friends and supporters pooled $105,000 to form a limited partnership, for which Gingrich's wife and co-author, Marianne, acted as paid gofer. Since the book sold modestly, none of the partners showed any profit. Gingrich explains that he thought a big budget could "force a best-seller. I was real naïve." Anyone who knows Gingrich at all knows that naïveté is no stranger to his nature. Temperamentally, Gingrich makes Jack Kemp look like an undertaker. He probably persuaded his friends and himself that they were sitting on *Gone with the Wind*.

This isn't the first time Gingrich has been a target. In 1988, a reporter in Utah, of all places, tipped from Washington, wrote that Gingrich had been seen kissing a "bimbo" on the street; that was no bimbo, Gin-

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grich answered, that was my wife. The same year, the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee poured thousands into the coffers of Gingrich's congressional opponent. House Democrats have personal, as well as institutional motives. Representative Bill Alexander, who complained to the House ethics committee about *Window of Opportunity*, had been forced to resign as deputy House Democratic whip three years ago after Gingrich helped publicize a $56,000 junket he had taken to Brazil.

For his part, Gingrich hopes that the ethics storms he has generated will sweep the Democrats out of power in the House for the first time since 1955. Two formidable obstacles stand in the way.

The first is the lack of any presidential connection and the visibility that confers. Watergate sank a lot of House and Senate Republicans in 1974, but they went down in the hold of the *S.S. Nixon*. Reaching back even further, it is hard to imagine that the Court-packing scheme would have backfired so badly if it had been an initiative of Congress, rather than of FDR.

The second obstacle is an intellectual one, and that is the tendency to proffer grand systemic explanations for one-party corruption. The villains, in these scenarios, are not the O'Neills, the Wrights, and their partisan machines, but a general malaise, to which entrenched majority and servile minority, known collectively as the Incumbent Party, both contribute. All we like sheep have gone astray; so why pick on the Democrats?

In his fight for a more vigorous House Republican leadership, Gingrich, ironically, has done his bit to bolster such ideas. They will hamper Republicans seeking to gain a partisan foothold for 1990.

The Polish Convulsion

As we go to press, the ultimate resolution of the Polish elections is not known, but we do know that yet another blow has been struck at the crumbling edifice of Communism.

The Polish balloting was complex. The official Communist candidates were listed on their own ballot, the opposition candidates on another. In addition, the agreement between Solidarity, now legal, and the Jaruzelski regime guaranteed the Communist Party a majority in the legislature, and thus also guaranteed that Jaruzelski would be "elected" president.

It has not worked out. The Solidarity vote was enormous. Communist candidates running unopposed . . . have *lost*. The voters have crossed out the name, in effect saying "anyone but."

The Teheran and Yalta agreements gave lip service to free elections in Poland. Now we see how such elections might have turned out.

It is conceivable and even likely that the Jaruzelski regime will cancel the results of these elections. Lech Walesa is reported to worry that the one-sided results will upset the evolution toward a freer Poland.

Meanwhile, that evolution has been exciting. In the current issue of *Commentary*, Josiah Auspitz reports on the enormous vitality of Polish philosophy, apparently more vital than anything taking place in Western universities. And this is not just ivory-tower stuff: Auspitz tells of Polish students treating a lecture on "The Future of Socialism" as a piece of black humor. In intellectual and moral as well as economic terms, Communism is on the way out.

Change in Teheran: Exit Moses, Enter Joshua

He was a blast from the past that became the future. He came back, a frail theologian in his seventies, after 16 years of exile, to face a ruler commanding the sixth largest military machine on earth. Ten days later, the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini was master of Iran.

Had he died at the age of 75 after a life filled with theology, children, grandchildren, and calls to murder, he would have been an obscure footnote in some unreadable scholarly history. It was only after the bright promise of progress appeared to have collapsed in Iran that his moment came.

His enemies could not comprehend the forces he was summoning up. The Shah had fantasies of reviving the Persian empire of Cyrus the Great, but the Iranian people had never heard of Cyrus. The Ayatollah Khomeini hijacked the spirit of duodecimal Shi'ism and used it to bury the Shah.

In 1962 the Persian poet Nader Naderpur met Khomeini at his house in the holy city of Qum. He found the Ayatollah "one of those black geniuses of history." It was a genius that took almost eighty years to flower, but thereafter quickly made up for lost time.

Under the guise of reaction, he proved to be a revolutionary innovator. He gave terrible power to the ragings of Frantz Fanon, developing a theology of Allah's compassion for the *mustadh'af*, the wretched of the earth. In his hands it became a manifesto of destructive rage to encompass the globe—a call to revolution to underdogs everywhere, regardless of their religious belief.

It is difficult to escape the feeling that the malign fate that protected and guided him for so long guided also his choice of successor.

Already the chorus of pundits is sounding forth, assuring us that Khomeini's chosen heir, Sayeed Ali Khamenei, twice elected president of Iran, is really a moderate, the voice of the bazaar businessmen—that he wanted to end the Gulf War, that he is a light-

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weight, that he really wants new links to the West. We have heard it all before.

Khamenei is a graduate of Patrice Lumumba University in Moscow and was trained at Palestinian camps in Lebanon and Libya. He enthusiastically backed the holding of the 52 Americans hostage in Teheran from November 1979 to January 1981.

In August 1986, he pushed to resume natural-gas sales to the Soviet Union. In February of this year, he assured Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze that the proximity of the Soviet Union and Iran required "extensive cooperation" between them. He has also consistently supported Iran's cooperation with radical Third World states against the West—policies he forcefully urged when attending the Non-Aligned summit at Harare, Zimbabwe, in January 1986. However, he never forgets his Muslim roots: in Harare, he incensed his hosts by refusing to shake hands with female members of their government and by refusing to attend a state banquet in his honor because wine was to be served and women were to be seated at the head table. Our new moderate.

He should not be underrated. He has support in the regular army and is a splendid orator. The same God who watched over his master, Khomeini, also protects him. He has survived two direct assassination attempts. One left him with a crippled arm—like Kaiser Wilhelm II and Stalin.

The Ayatollah chose him as his heir—Joshua to Moses, Elisha to Elija. Prophets are seldom wrong about such things.

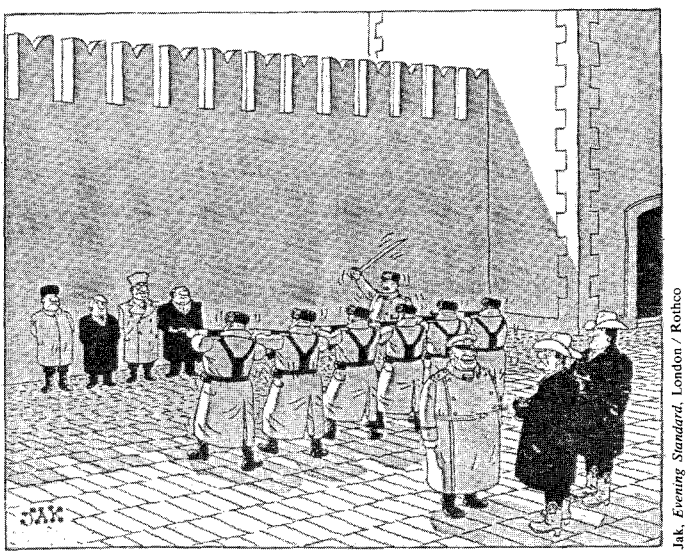
Canada Attacks Prosperity

THE WASHINGTON ESTABLISHMENT became unconvincingly solicitous of Wall Street last winter, feigning concern that U.S. stocks and bonds, along with the dollar, would surely collapse unless President Bush capitulated on major new taxes. Budget Director Richard Darman then negotiated a budget strategy with Congress that was widely condemned precisely because it did not involve significant tax increases, offering instead the prospect of *lower* tax rates on capital gains. Yet far from crashing, as the press had hoped, stocks, bonds, and the dollar soared.

Canada's Conservative government, by contrast, was recently hoodwinked into offering the sort of tax package that would make U.S. liberals ecstatic—an 8 per cent surtax on higher incomes, new taxes on the capital of large corporations, higher excise taxes on tobacco and gasoline, and higher sales taxes. The extra taxes on industrious families and large corporations are not significant revenue measures, but political junk food for the egalitarian Left, which, as ever, seeks to punish success. The results of these new taxes are quite predictable, Canada having experimented with a similar surtax in 1986. What happened back then was an immediate flight from the currency, pushing Canada's interest rates nearly three percentage points above U.S. rates. Productivity slumped, unemployment approached 10 per cent, and inflation was twice as high as in the United States. By the spring of 1987, the Mulroney government's approval rating in the Gallup poll hit a record low of 22 per cent.

A supply-side tax reform was subsequently announced, ending the surtax and reducing marginal tax rates for 1988. Employment promptly rose by 3.2 per cent, manufacturing productivity by 4.6 per cent, and fixed investment by 12.5 per cent. Tax revenues skyrocketed, bringing the budget deficit down to half the level of 1984-85, relative to GNP.

Why abandon such a successful tax reform in favor of failed soak-the-rich policies? One reason is that Canada's new budget assumes high interest rates and anemic economic growth (only 1.7 per cent) for 1990. Since those dismal assumptions raised estimated future deficits, tax policies were introduced to *guarantee* weak growth and high interest rates. Another apparent rationale is that the head of Canada's central bank has, like the head of the U.S. Federal Reserve, been holding out the false promise of lower interest rates in exchange for higher taxes—the stagflationary "policy mix" imported from Cambridge, Massachusetts. In reality, the Canadian dollar immediately tumbled upon news of the new taxes, as it did in 1986. Canada's assets must be marked down to reflect the reduced after-tax returns to labor and capital, so foreign and domestic investors moved their money to the U.S. or Japan. That means Canadian interest rates will now have to be kept even *higher*, relative to declining interest rates in the U.S., to lessen the inflationary consequences of a falling Canadian dollar. The only thing preventing the Canadian stock market from collapsing right away, London's *Financial Times* explained was that markets had already discounted Canadian stocks in incorrect anticipation of even



Jak, *Evening Standard*, London / Rothco

"They're the winners of our first free elections."

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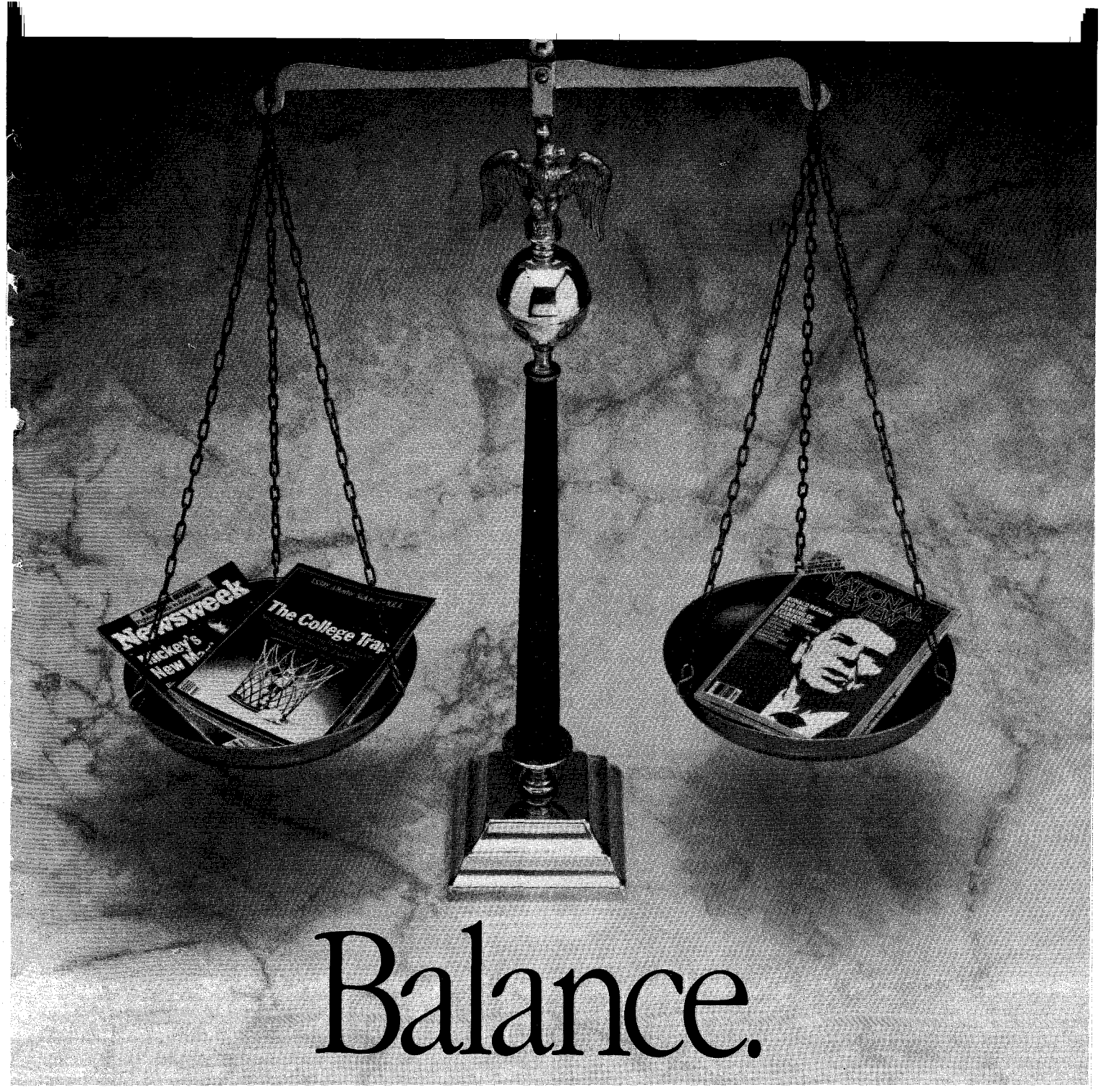

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more new taxes on capital gains and banks. It should prove an interesting object lesson for those who claim similar taxes would somehow please U.S. financial markets.

Soviet Defense Spending

THE TYPICAL Soviet military conscript is paid seven rubles per month. His American volunteer counterpart is paid $966.30. On this basis one ruble spent by the Soviet armed forces is the equivalent of $138 spent by the Pentagon, and total Soviet defense spending, if you accept the 77.3-billion-ruble figure announced by Mikhail Gorbachev in his speech to the Congress of People's Deputies, is the equivalent of our spending $10.7 *trillion.*

Absurd? Of course. But no more absurd than debating whether the USSR spends $128 billion—less than half the Pentagon's $300-billion budget—as Gorbachev's number at the official $1.65 exchange rate would indicate; or $200 billion, as the CIA says; or $475 billion, which is simply 20 per cent of the latest estimate of Soviet GNP. The point is, there *is* no point in comparing nominal spending amounts between two such disparate economic systems, one where prices reflect the true value of resources as determined by the marketplace, the other where prices are set by a central statistical apparatus to meet specific political and budgetary objectives. Far more meaningful to compare quantities: they have 2.5 times the number of active-duty military personnel that we have, an eight-hundred-ship navy, four times as many tanks produced each year, fifty times as many space launches in 1987, etc., etc.

The Politics of Aggrievement

THE MAY 29 *New York* magazine contains a remarkable cover story by Joe Klein, the magazine's chief political reporter. It is entitled "Race Is the Issue," and what Klein has in mind is the present mayoralty campaign in New York City. But his points have much wider application.

Klein believes that the gang rape and near murder of the woman in Central Park have crystallized emotions in the city. " 'Jaws have tightened,' says one candidate. 'Whites have just *had it* with blacks,' says another—that is, they have no tolerance for discussions of racism, oppression, or other excuses for antisocial behavior."

Klein's article is remarkable not really for any intellectual discoveries, but because it says in print and under liberal auspices what has been said in private for at least a decade, *viz.*, that preferential treatment for blacks in compensation for past mistreatment was a bad and indeed destructive idea. "A line crossed," writes Klein, "when blacks demanded—and then got—preferential treatment. . . . When aggrievement was proclaimed the central, psychic fact of black life, the most aggrieved and alienated—the most amoral, the criminals—became the definers of 'true' blackness in the media and also in the streets." Thus young blacks now have to prove their blackness by misbehaving. There is enormous peer pressure to do badly in school, lest one be charged with "acting white."

Mr. Klein believes that we should return to "integration," by which he means holding blacks to color-blind middle-class standards, and jettisoning preferential treatment and victimology. He is surely correct, but it is a measure of how desperate our predicament is that it must have taken courage for him to say it.

Owen Lattimore, RIP

(The following is excerpted from a column by WFB published in September 1979, and serves the purpose of remarking Mr. Lattimore's death.)

NEW YORK—A couple of chaps from the BBC have been over here on the nether side of the pond doing a radio documentary on the awful effects of McCarthyism on America's China policy, and at the interview they came directly to the point: "Looking back to the 1950s, Mr. Buckley, what do you have to say about the disastrous effects on our China policy brought about by McCarthyism?"

I asked: What disastrous effects?

After they had composed themselves, they informed me that, among other people, they had interviewed the great Professor Owen Lattimore, and that he agreed that the effects of McCarthyism had been disastrous. Lattimore, they pointed out, was one of the principal victims of Senator Joseph McCarthy.

I had handy—I travel with a copy of it, even when I swim—the book, *McCarthy and His Enemies*, which I wrote with Brent Bozell back in 1954. On page 158 is reproduced the jacket copy from a book called *Solution in Asia*, which was Owen Lattimore's hand-

Remembering Robespierre

Reforms sometimes get out of hand,
And those who loved to lead the band
Are, some weeks later, often seen
Laid out before a guillotine—
A thought to roll around as Gray
Awakes to face another day,
While Gingrich, too, assesses groans
From tumbrels on the cobblestones.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Common Defense

THE DISPROPORTIONATE defense burden shouldered by the United States is quantified in a report of the Secretary of Defense released in April:

DEFENSE SPENDING AND MANPOWER, 1987

	Spending ($ Bils.)	Spending as % of GDP	Per-Capita Spending	Military Personnel as % of Pop.
U.S.	288.1	6.5	1,181	1.4
France	34.8	4.0	626	1.3
W. Germany	34.1	3.1	558	1.1
U.K.	31.6	4.7	555	0.9
Japan	24.4	1.0	200	0.2
Non-U.S. NATO	157.3	3.3	391	1.1

According to the Pentagon, approximately 60 per cent of total U.S. defense outlays are directly related to NATO, which implies that we spend 10 per cent more defending Western Europe than the 14 other NATO countries combined. The share of our population engaged in defense-related activity (1.4 per cent) is also above the NATO average, and seven times as high as Japan's. Only Greece (2.3 per cent) and Turkey (1.8 per cent) devote a larger share of population to defense, arguably arrayed against each other as much as against the Warsaw Pact forces.

The burden-sharing problem is compounded by the considerable, albeit indirect, contributions to Soviet defense spending made by Western European and Japanese banks. Gross Soviet indebtedness to Western commercial banks reached $36.8 billion at the end of 1988, more than doubling in the past four years (it stood at $16.6 billion at the end of 1984). In a spate of highly publicized deal-making, the Soviet Union secured an additional $9 billion in credit lines from Western banks in October of last year. West German banks led the way with a $1.8-billion package, followed by banks in Italy ($775 million), Britain ($1.8 billion), and France ($2 billion). Japanese and Canadian banks accounted for another $3 billion; U.S. banks, which account for less than 0.5 per cent of total Western private-sector loans to the Soviet Union, did not participate in the latest deals.

The unusual publicity surrounding the October credit-market blitz has convinced some financial observers that it was intended to reassure the Soviet military establishment, a few weeks before the December troop-cut announcement, that an inflow of Western resources can partially offset the military cuts.

On paper it's hard to see why the Soviet Union needs to borrow at all. Countries with trade surpluses tend to be net international lenders, not borrowers, and the Soviet Union's hard-currency trade surplus with the non-socialist world reportedly rose from $1.5 billion in 1985 to $8.4 billion in 1987, before falling oil prices in 1988 pushed the surplus down to about $1 billion. It turns out, according to PlanEcon, a Washington-based economic consulting firm, that while Soviet statistics show a large trade surplus vis-à-vis Third World countries, the bulk of it is on paper only, reflecting the fact that Soviet "sales" of arms and capital goods to Libya, Nicaragua, and other client states are basically giveaways, consummated with long-term export credits rather than hard cash. Western banks have provided the bridge loans needed to finance these transactions.

Moscow has avoided overplaying its Western-credit card. There has been nothing resembling a debt crisis involving the Soviet Union: indeed, in 1986 Gorbachev went so far as to pay off on defaulted 1917 Czarist bonds still held by the Bank of England. The Soviets have kept their debt-service ratio down to a manageable 20 to 25 per cent of exports, for which they have been rewarded with extremely favorable interest rates by Western banks.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

book, published in the late 1940s, for China policy.

Quote: "He [Lattimore] shows that all the Asiatic people are more interested in actual democratic practices such as the ones they can see in action across the Russian border, than they are in the fine theories of Anglo-Saxon democracies, which come coupled with ruthless imperialism. . . . He inclines to support American newspapermen who report that the only real democracy in China is found in Communist areas." I announced that I found objectionable then—as I find now, thirty years later, the suggestion that Stalin was a practitioner of democracy—the suggestion that Mao Tse-tung was leading a democratic movement, and found false the prophecy that all would go well in China (Lattimore's "solution") if we backed Mao instead of Chiang Kai-shek.

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Well, the BBC said, didn't I find it inexcusable that Henry Luce refused to publish in *Time* certain dispatches from Theodore White during that period?

No, I said, not "inexcusable." Because as Theodore White himself reveals in his latest book [*In Search of History*], he had going there, for a while, a considerable romance with the Maoists, and Luce therefore distrusted the objectivity of Mr. White's reporting on the subject.

"Well, isn't it fair to say that Henry Luce had become an agent of Chiang Kai-shek?"

Only, I said, in the sense that it would be fair to say that a decade earlier Luce had become an agent of the British government in urging U.S. involvement in the struggle against Hitler. Another way to put it is that in 1939, Henry Luce espied an identity of interest between the American people and the British people in opposing Hitler, and in 1949 an identity between the American people and the Chinese people in opposing Mao Tse-tung.

Well, didn't McCarthyism delay our current reconciliation with China?

No. What made possible our current "reconciliation" with China was the dispute that began, three or four years after McCarthy was dead, between China and the Soviet Union. Stalin was a hero of Mao Tse-tung. And remains a hero of Mao Tse-tung's successors. You cannot walk through a public square in China without staring at a huge picture of Stalin, as secure in the Chinese Communist pantheon as Babe Ruth is in Cooperstown. [In fact, public displays of Stalin—and Marx, and Lenin, and Engels—have disappeared.] Joe McCarthy had nothing to do with the estrangement of the Soviet Union from Red China in the 1960s—unless Joe is up there, showing God a photostatic copy of Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* and Simon Leys's *Chinese Shadows*, and making the pitch that two such countries are better off opposing each other than acting in unison.

Well, they concluded, does that mean I approve of McCarthy's demagoguery?

No, I said, I don't approve of anybody's demagoguery, but I find it less objectionable when used to the disadvantage of Communist tyrants than when used to their advantage: which, roughly, was the difference between Lattimore and McCarthy.

At which point we ran out of time, the BBC kindly advised me that my fly was open, we shook hands, and here I am.

Claude Pepper, RIP

DURING THE Stalin era, then-Senator Claude Pepper of Florida was so enthusiastic about the Soviet Union that he became known as Red Pepper. In 1950, the voters finally got rid of him, or thought they had.

In 1960, he made a big comeback, running as a tribune of the geriatric from the Miami congressional district. He had nothing truly creative to contribute—any redistribution to the old, from the young and middle-aged, was fine with him. His program was merely more federal spending, and his political contribution, the care and feeding of yet another special-interest group.

The week Jim Wright and Tony Coelho resigned, Pepper lay in state in the Capitol rotunda, the 26th man to do so, and the week's third symbol of congressional corruption.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ [*From the editorial page of the* Celina Daily Standard, *April 13, 1989*]

Dear William F. Buckley Jr.:

Since the *Celina* (Ohio) *Daily Standard* many years ago contracted to purchase your thrice-weekly "On the Right" opinion column, it has printed—except for periodic botch-ups arranged by the U.S. Postal Service—every word your servants at Universal Press Syndicate have dispatched.

It was not always easy. More than occasionally, in editing one of your efforts, the temptation arose to flip it into a convenient trashcan where it might have felt more at home. Each such temptation was rejected, the copy processed, the column duly published to be reread later at my leisure, though frequently distracted by the sounds of grinding (and sometimes gnashing) teeth eventually discovered to be my own.

When the *Standard* contracted to print your work, I kept reminding myself, the intent was to provide balance to a leftward-leaning editorial page. And, because one tenet of that tilt consists of opposition to censorship, not a single word you have written—no matter how silly or profane—has been altered or omitted.

The *Standard* over the years has run them all—from your idiotic ruminations on why racism no longer is a problem in America to your misrepresentations of situations in places as far removed from each other as Washington and Moscow, London and Johannesburg. This newspaper has published your paeans of praise for Ronald Reagan, Henry Kissinger, Richard Nixon, James Watt, and other such exponents of greed as the true foundation of human greatness. It has published your semi-slanderous attacks on Jimmy Carter, Desmond Tutu, Lowell Weicker, Michael Dukakis, and sundry others who insist on believing that people matter more than dollars.

It has, with your voice, brayed of alleged injustices in the form of taxes on the wealthy who should be

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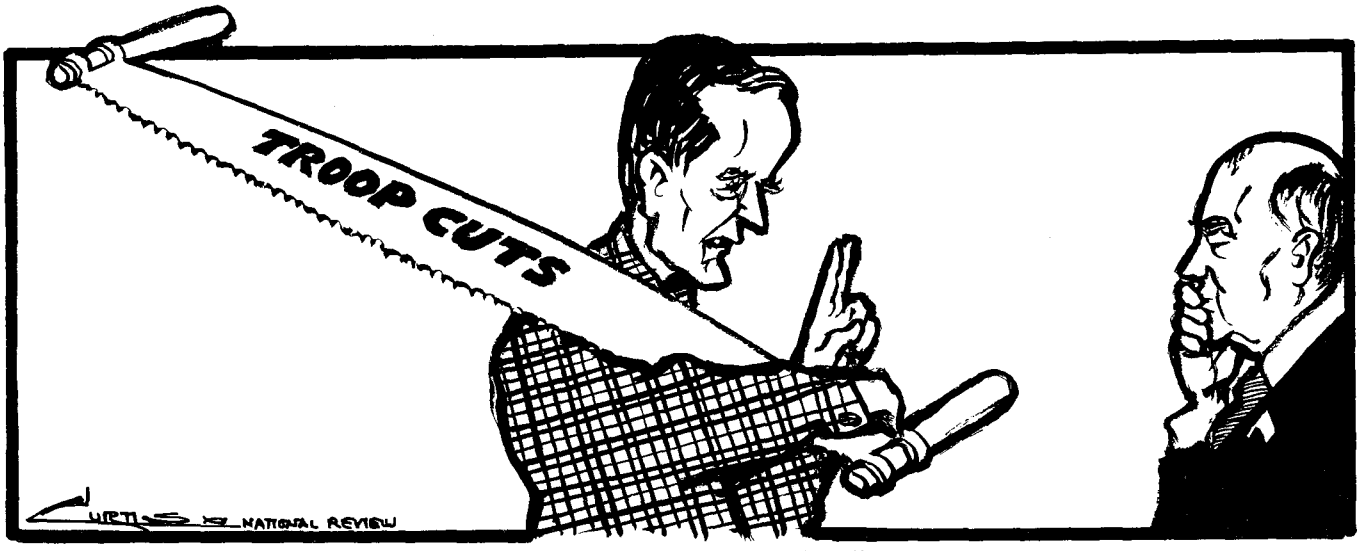

"It's a two-man saw, Mikhail."

paying more, or resulting from the diversion of small portions of those limited proceeds from paying inflated bills for unneeded weapons systems to meeting a small portion of the nation's immense human needs. It even has published all the clever little plugs for your magazine, NATIONAL REVIEW, which prints only the work of authors who echo your company line.

My feeling from the start has been that the editorial balance sought could not be compromised without losing its intrinsic value, and that the *Standard*—at least during my tenure in Celina—would continue to publish your efforts intact.

I was wrong. The *Standard*, which has published three columns since you embarked on a 21-day British Airways Concorde round-the-world flight with 97 other self-proclaimed beneficiaries of the gift of unsullied opulence as a way of life and just reward from a selectively loving and Republican God, will publish no more of them. My objection this time is not to your politics but to the self-aggrandizement required to believe that the average working stiff cares two hoots about the controlled adventures of a hundred dilettantes who paid $39,000 apiece for the right to circle the globe for 39,000 miles over 23 days—with touchdowns in many countries and assorted islands—without, so far as anyone can tell, seeking out the views of a single ordinary citizen anywhere.

Repetitive claims that Gorbachev's Soviet Union is unchanged from Stalin's (a ghost even Reagan eventually gave up), or that white America's new sense of a colorblind society has been proved conclusively by Bill Cosby's TV popularity, may be insane and inane, but it is what I have come to expect from "On the Right," indeed, what I originally contracted for.

What I did not contract for are comments about why it is necessary to "rusticate" at "the most exclusive hotel in the world" after a "debilitating" five- thousand-mile one-day jaunt, or about Concorde passengers being limited—alas—to "a single suitcase weighing not more than seventy pounds," or being required to pay $12.50 for "one of those airplane-sized Scotches" or "$20 per page for a fax to New York"—a blend of plaintive whining about life's unfairness and supercilious pride in being able to handle such ripoffs with aplomb.

There is undoubtedly a substantial market in America for haughty chronicles of the wealthy at play, and I feel certain that it will be located by the book you shortly will write. More power to you. But it is a book I will neither buy nor read, and newspaper editorial pages are not the right place for its dress rehearsals. At least, in the view of its editor, this one isn't.

I realize that some *Standard* readers likely will regret my decision, and my advice to them is to check their TV listings. If they are interested in the lifestyles of the rich and ostentatious, Robin Leach does it better.

The *Standard* will resume running "On the Right" when its author resumes his horizontal relationship with the planet, at which point his innate snobbery again may be squeezed within reasonable limits. That happy moment, it now seems, may have arrived prematurely since even Concordes presumably don't fly well with missing nine-foot tail sections. God may not be a Democrat, but perhaps you and I alike have underestimated His sense of humor.

Sincerely,
Joe Lersky
Managing Editor

Dear Joe: Dammit, Joe, you've created a devotional tone poem! Suitable for framing! And your loyalty to the First Amendment is, well—99.9 per cent. On the other hand, who ever said the First Amendment protects the rights of sybaritic travel writers? Not Madison, not Jefferson—not Oliver Wendell Holmes, right! But on the matter of the book: If you won't read it—I won't write it. Cordially, Bill

—WFB

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TRUE POWER TO THE PEOPLE

GEORGE JOCHNOWITZ

BAODING—Hebei University is located at the eastern edge of Baoding, an old industrial city two and a half hours by train from Peking. Immediately to the east of the campus there are farms where cabbages, tomatoes, and melons are raised. On the west, the campus is bounded by Qian Wei Lu (Early Defense Road), the main highway to Peking. On May 19, students heard that the 27th Regiment was passing through from Shijiazhuang, the capital of Hebei Province, to Peking. They left the campus and blocked Qian Wei Lu. The president of Hebei University—a quiet, scholarly woman—went out to the street to persuade them to go back to their dorms. She failed; the students delayed the army for several hours.

April 22 was the day demonstrations began in Peking, the day of the funeral of former Premier Hu Yaobang. That was also the day big-character posters (*da zi bao*) began to go up on campus. A surprising number of students got on the train to Peking that day, feeling that there was no way they could express their sentiments in quiet old Baoding. But on Monday, April 24, there was a demonstration even in Baoding, the first of many. Students left Hebei University and headed for the campus of the North China Electric Power Institute, but the students there had been locked in and could not leave the campus. After the Hebei University students had walked to Baoding Communist Party headquarters and back to their own campus, they heard the university loudspeakers exhorting them to stick to their studies and stay out of trouble.

Except for the week of spring holiday, when almost everyone left the campus, demonstrations continued from then until now. More than once, our students were joined by students from the other universities in Baoding, and by workers from local factories. On many occasions the students tossed bottles from their dormitory windows, a practice I did not understand until someone pointed out to me that the second part of Deng Xiaoping's name sounds exactly the same as *xiao ping*, meaning "little bottle."

When I woke up on the morning of Tuesday, May 16, my daughter was not home. I assumed she was out jogging, but I learned at breakfast that she had gone with a demonstration that had left the campus at 6 A.M. She returned at ten and said the students had been asking for me. I hopped on my bicycle and rode to the Party headquarters, where I saw about a thousand people sitting in front of the entrance. A group of people surrounded me and began asking me questions in Chinese. I answered as well as I could, saying I thought the students were the hope of China and predicting that in a year China would be a free country.

That evening, almost everyone I met told me they had seen me on the local television news program. The next day, two policemen came to the campus to visit me. My daughter joined me, and the officers told us that I had broken the law, and that I would be responsible for any consequences if I did so again. We asked if it was illegal to demonstrate in China (I have been told that the Chinese constitution says protest is allowed) and were told it was illegal for foreigners to interfere in Chinese internal affairs. My daughter asked for a definite answer to our question: Are demonstrations legal

Mr. Jochnowitz is a professor of linguistics at the College of Staten Island, CUNY, who for the past six months has been a visiting professor in the foreign-language department of Hebei University.

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or not? Yes or no? The man acting as our interpreter tried to conceal his delight. The policemen refused to answer.

On Friday the 19th, we went to Peking to buy airplane tickets. There were posters on the walls, in subways, everywhere: "The people love students," "Workers love students," even "Communist Party members love students"! Ambulances were everywhere, carrying hunger-strikers to the hospital. Demonstrators had assumed the almost impossible job of directing traffic, in order to keep lanes open for the ambulances, and were succeeding beyond anyone's wildest expectations.

We went to Tiananmen Square to see if we could recognize anyone from Hebei University. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack, but we found the needle. Our students spotted us, applauded, shook our hands, and gave us headbands announcing our support for the hunger-strikers. We didn't know that, at the same moment, other students of ours were blocking the 27th Regiment at Qian Wei Lu.

We spent the next day with old Chinese friends, visiting Peking University and then going out for Peking duck. As we walked through the streets wearing the headbands our students had given us, passersby applauded and made the "V for Victory" sign. All ten million of Peking's citizens were rejoicing; I had never seen so much happiness. It was an important day in the history of the world. Marxism had just died.

On Sunday we managed to get downtown with the help of a delivery man with a tricycle cart. Martial law had been declared, and foreigners had disappeared from the streets. We were relieved to go back to Baoding, where we always feel safe.

Students at Hebei University are still striking and putting up big-character posters. But the joy is gone; Deng Xiaoping and Li Peng seem to have won. The Party's victory cannot last, however. A month ago, every Chinese thought he was the only one who longed for freedom and democracy. Now everyone knows that the Chinese people have held the equivalent of an election and voted down their leaders. The people are beginning to realize how much power they have. □

EXIT STAGE WRIGHT

WILLIAM McGURN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Somewhere, Ed Meese must be smiling. A bitter smile, to be sure, for the former Attorney General was ultimately forced out of office on the basis of "alleged wrongdoings," the worst of which turned out to be, in the words of the special prosecutor, that Mr. Meese had failed to be "sensitive to the possibility" that he may have improperly helped out a friend. But now the accusatory spotlight has been turned on Congress itself, and it finds House Democrats scurrying for the corners with all the grace of cockroaches caught having a midnight snack on the kitchen counter.

How many bodies will be lying on the ground when it all ends is anybody's guess. As of this writing two have already fallen: House Speaker Jim Wright, who became the first man in that office ever to resign over ethics charges, and Representative Tony Coelho, the majority whip, who resigned early rather than face an investigation into his own finances. But the skeletons are still rattling out of the closets. News reports say, for example, that the number-one contender for Representative Coelho's position, Representative William H. Gray of Pennsylvania, is himself the object of a Justice Department probe into personnel practices. The post-Watergate politics of the pointed finger has finally come back to haunt the Democrats.

Adding to the problem is that the Democrats don't seem to have accepted that Speaker Wright really did anything wrong. Of course, the ethics committee itself made that pretty clear when it decided not to pursue the special prosecutor's more serious charges, such as those concerning Wright's oil-well deals and his costly bullying of federal regulators in the savings-and-loan disaster. If there is a real scandal here it is that these more serious charges were ignored, symptoms of a House of Representatives grown arrogant through a lack of accountability.

THE FLIP SIDE of this failure to accept the facts is the way Jim Wright's woes have been dumped at the feet of Minority Whip Newt Gingrich. Representative Jack Brooks likened the Wright hearings to an "evil wind . . . reminiscent of the Spanish Inquisition"—and the weekend talk shows and daily headlines are full of vows to Get Gingrich. Even those who counsel against vengeance tend to speak of Gingrich's bad form in bringing up the subject in the first place.

In large part this is because modern Washington thinks of things in terms of codes and regulations rather than right and wrong—what Hadley Arkes was getting at in the last issue of *NR* when he argued that morality has become a convention with no more objective value than the infield-fly rule. Thus you have a city where Oliver North is likened to Hitler for trying to help the Contras, while Tony Coelho is hailed as "courageous" for pulling a Spiro Agnew and getting out early. And you have the spectacle of Sam Donaldson taking to the nation's airwaves in a special broadcast on *Lying, Cheating, Stealing in America*, which comes to the remarkable conclusion that none of these sins started with Richard Nixon as we had all thought.

In his emotional one-hour resignation speech on the floor, Mr. Wright started with the traditional defense of his wife's honor, went on to denounce the "mindless cannibalism" of the ethics charges and countercharges, and urged the nation to move beyond scandal and get back down to business. There's more truth here than the Speaker is likely to be given credit for; out of the mouths of scoundrels, you might say. But it's hard not to note that this was not the message we heard from Jim Wright & Co. when the Reagan Administration's "sleaze factor" was the top concern of Congress. The form of justice now racing through the corridors of Congress is street justice: always harsh, frequently tarnished, but usually well deserved. □

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ISRAEL MOVES RIGHT

MICHAEL WIDLANSKI

JERUSALEM—Subtle but important political changes inside Israel have been overshadowed by the violence of the Palestinian *intifada* and the "moderation" of Yasir Arafat. The hard and central fact is that the center of Israeli politics has moved solidly to the right on economic matters as well as security issues, while the socialist Labor Party, under Shimon Peres, may be heading the way of Britain's Labour Party and the U.S. Democratic Party on a national level.

Recent polls suggest Labor has lost between 10 and 25 per cent of its popular support, while Yitzhak Shamir's rightist Likud has gained about 7 per cent. This trend is probably due to the fact that Shamir has reconfirmed to voters that he is Israel's equivalent of a centrist Republican—hard on defense but willing to talk—while Peres, now reduced to finance minister in the coalition government, has been directing government money to bailing out kibbutz collective farms and the flagging economic empire of the Histradrut Trade Union Federation.

This shift in Israeli opinion is not an overnight affair. It reflects a long-term trend that has now been expressed in both local and national elections. In the local elections this February, Likud took half a dozen major mayoralties from Labor, which had dominated Israeli local politics for forty years. This has deep implications for the national scene, both because Shamir lent his personal prestige to all the local campaigns, and because Likud's new mayors and council members will become part of its political talent reservoir for the next decade.

Meanwhile, in the national elections last November, Shamir received his first clear mandate for a four-year term as prime minister. In those elections, Likud established a solid pattern of domination, especially in the urban base that had been the bastion of Labor's central MAPAI faction for 25 years. Labor eked out an edge in only two of Israel's 11 largest cities, while Likud won handily in nine. In the 42 medium-sized towns, Likud won 23 outright, while Labor took only ten; the rest split. The only segment of Israel's Jewish population where Labor continues to beat Likud consistently is on the kibbutzim, with only 3 per cent of the population.

To be sure, the meaning of the results is blurred by the profusion of political parties in Israel and the system of proportional representation. American presidential elections are like choosing between a Big Mac and a Whopper. Israeli elections are like running amok in an ice-cream parlor with 27 political flavors. Thus, despite Likud's consistent strength nationwide, Labor and its left-wing allies won 49 parliamentary seats, versus 47 seats for the Likud-Right bloc, with 24 seats divided among the religious parties and the Arab parties. Shimon Peres, Israel's longest-serving politician, described the election results as a stalemate between Labor-Left and Likud-Right, but that is wrong because religious voters lean strongly to the right.

Like Michael Dukakis, Shimon Peres has refused to look hard at himself when trying to explain his party's election failure. Every loss, locally or nationally, is due to "bad organization," "bad campaign tactics," or "bad luck." Peres blamed the national-election loss on the terrorist murder of an Israeli housewife and her three children two days before the election, ignoring the possibility that his foreign-affairs platform or economic policies may have alienated Israeli voters. He has succeeded in restoring his image as a wishy-washy wheeler-dealer by declaring publicly that he wanted a national-unity coalition with Likud, while privately trying to block it. Similarly, he seemed publicly to oppose talking to the PLO even as his top aides said Israel should do so immediately.

Labor Party insiders have paid little attention to Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin's claims that Labor is losing its image as a centrist party by flirting with the extreme left fringe such as the Citizens' Rights Movement. Much the way Ronald Reagan "stole" traditional Democrats, Likud was able to grab some Labor voters who feel more comfortable with the hawkish sounds of Yatzhak Rabin than the dovishness of Peres.

Voters like Likud's tough opening position on the integrity of Israeli territory, its opposition to an international conference, and its declared toughness in dealing with Palestinian rioters. At the same time, many Israelis are willing to make far-reaching concessions for what they call "real peace," even talking to the PLO if it appears to have a serious interest in a negotiated settlement. In the words of the noted Israeli pollster Dr. Mina Tzemach, "Israelis are hard-line in the

"Easy, guys. The Speaker wants a dignified exit."

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short term but more flexible in the long term." Likud has blurred its ideological commitment to the "whole land of Israel" by turning its opposition to Palestinian irredentism into a law-and-order issue, and by stressing its willingness to discuss all Arab demands in face-to-face talks without preconditions. By so doing, Likud has captured the middle. Of course, only time, and a genuine Arab peace gesture, will tell if this was just a campaign tactic, or if Likud truly occupies the new ground it has staked out. □

UNITED WE FALL?

JOHN BIFFEN

LONDON—Elections for the European Community parliament, due to be held on June 15, are stirring up conspicuously more interest in Britain than previous European Parliament elections, in 1979 and 1984. The heightened interest is substantially due to the EC's plan to create a single European market (SEM) in 1992, and the argument that this has provoked between Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and the European Commission president, Jacques Delors, about the future shape of Europe.

For a generation, the preponderant support in Britain for the European Community has come from the Conservative Party, and the major reason has been economic advantage. The Community would provide a larger industrial market and more competition. This, it is argued, would offset the disadvantages of the EC's protectionist Common Agricultural Policy (CAP).

Inevitably, Conservatives' attitudes have evolved in the twenty years or so since Britain joined the EC. The achievements of the British government since 1979 and the style and leadership of Margaret Thatcher have both left their mark. Exchange control has been abolished and a free exchange rate has helped bring about major changes in the British economy as older industries have been replaced by new skills and technologies. Trade-union laws have been reformed and competition laws have been strengthened. A British social market economy has been established, based upon competitive free enterprise and widespread ownership. Europe had no hand in this. It has been achieved by the national government and national leadership.

Furthermore, actual membership in the EC has not worked out the way those Conservatives who support free trade and free-market policies had hoped. European growth rates of the 1960s have not been maintained. Whilst EC tariffs have been removed, many other trade barriers remain—notably the CAP, which increasingly threatens trade relations with the United States. The European Court has recently decided what activities should be subject to British value-added tax—and the British are quite unused to having judges rather than politicians fixing taxation. Finally, the expansion of the Community to include Spain, Portugal, and Greece has made resolving budgetary and agricultural issues still more difficult.

The Community could have decided that the diversity of 12 members ranging from Greece to Ireland required a looser form of union. It decided the reverse. The objective now, as we have seen, is to speed the integration of the Community rather than to accommodate the great variations within its membership. The single European market has become a slogan for all political seasons. Its more limited objectives—the dismantling of remaining frontier barriers, the freedom for the professions to practice Community-wide, and the policy of open public purchasing—cause no great dissent. But the SEM, at least by implication, can go a good deal further than this, particularly in the area of finance. It can mean that Community exchange rates would be fixed and interlocked. Initially this would mean that all EC countries would be members of the European Monetary System (EMS); subsequently there would be a common currency with a European central bank. Indeed, Herr Koehler of the West German Bundesbank has argued that such a European central bank should be "independent" of the various national governments. Finally, there are growing arguments from the European Commission, the powerful secretariat that initiates policy proposals, that the SEM implies broadly common indirect taxes. The plan for EC harmonization of value-added taxes could possibly lead to member states having less autonomy in indirect taxation than individual states in the United States.

There are many who want EC government substantially expanded, and the SEM commitment provides a handy pretext. Foremost in this argument is President Delors, who recently told the European Parliament, "in ten years' time, 80 per cent of economic legislation, and perhaps even fiscal and social legislation, will be of Community origin."

THE DIRECTIONS in which Community government might expand are reasonably clear. Last year, Delors came to Britain to recommend a social policy to the annual trade-union conference. Such a policy would use EC laws to secure much more worker involvement in industry, awakening controversies about union nominees sitting on company boards. There is also the prospect of a Community industrial policy. This would use Euro-tax and banking funds to secure a restructuring of industry, providing aid for both smokestack and sunrise industries. And it will be argued that EC industry needs shelter from U.S. and Japanese high technology and from low-cost manufactures of the developing world.

It is against this background that the Tory Party is again examining its association with the EC. The successes of "Thatcherism" lie in the dismantling of government, not its expansion. The Delors vision offers just the opposite: eighty per cent of government from Brussels—and within the decade. Even *communitaires* Tories recollect the French adage, "*C'est ne que le premier pas qui coûte.*" The initial hesitant step toward continental integration will become a brisk jog.

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These are all hard-headed and tangible issues for Conservatives. They are given sharper focus by the fact that British socialists are increasingly reconciled to the EC on the very terms commended by Delors. Beyond that is the wider issue of the extent to which national economic decision-making will be lost once Brussels sets the taxes, and once national exchange rates are hidden within a common European currency and a European central bank.

The British debate over the European elections has been dominated by a major row between Margaret Thatcher and her predecessor, Edward Heath, whom she ousted as party leader in 1975. Memories are long and passions high. Mrs. Thatcher wants an open-trade Europe with minimum political and social integration. She warns against the "European superstate." Mr. Heath denounces her and insists that European union, as prescribed in the founding treaty, means economic and political integration. It is a noisy family row. Labour, enjoying a somewhat contrived harmony, is vastly amused.

This debate is most unlikely to deflect the Conservative Party from its thirty-year commitment to a European partnership. It is, however, requiring the Conservatives to seriously question what *kind* of Community will serve their economic and national loyalties. □

NO ROOM AT THE INN

WILLIAM McGURN

HONG KONG—Amid the general bedlam at Ho Chi Minh City airport, a skinny 15-year-old girl in a floppy orange hat refuses to be comforted. Her name is Nguyen Thi Dien, and like her mother and Amerasian brother she is wearing a badge that identifies her as part of the U.S. Orderly Departure Program (ODP) designed to bring Vietnamese who have some link to the United States out of Vietnam legally. In this case that link is her brother's American father. Dien continues to cry, and Mrs. Nguyen explains that the girl does not want to leave Vietnam because it means she will never see her grandmother again.

The irony is that Dien is one of the lucky ones, lucky not only because her family will make it into the U.S. but lucky too that they didn't have to brave Thai pirates, leaky boats, and uncertain seas to do it. This year the State Department expects to admit a record 25,000 Indochinese through the ODP. But that still leaves some 165,000 rotting in camps all over Southeast Asia, and host countries threatening to stop letting new arrivals land. As if this weren't enough, the boat people now find that the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees has agreed that the answer lies in a screening program to distinguish between "genuine refugees" and "those leaving for socio-economic reasons or reasons of personal convenience." This is the main thrust of a program that will be adopted at a UN-sponsored conference on refugees in Geneva June 13-14.

"What I see happening is this," says Adam Frank, a former refugee worker in Hong Kong. "The countries at Geneva will rubber-stamp the plan. The Commission will support it. And within a year refugees will be forcefully repatriated back to Vietnam."

The point to understand here is that the nations of the region just want the refugees to stop coming, and they don't care what it takes. In Thailand, for example, the government last year decided to push refugees back out to sea, until an international outcry forced an official (but not always de facto) policy reversal. Malaysia has been threatening to close its camps for some time, and Indonesian forces even fired on one refugee craft. Affluent Hong Kong has tried to discourage refugees by making their camps concrete nightmares and, now, recategorizing all new arrivals as "illegal immigrants" instead of refugees.

So it should come as no surprise that these folks are so gung-ho about the Geneva conference. Not only does the six-point "comprehensive plan of action" embrace the dubious principle that those who flee totalitarian regimes can really be separated into "economic migrants" and "political refugees," it does this for the sole purpose of laying the legal groundwork to send the bulk of them back. Since even those screened out won't go back voluntarily (only 143 out of 29,183 have done so from Hong Kong), the plan makes no sense without force. Lest there be any doubt about this, Hong Kong's Governor, Sir David Wilson, the architect of screening, has gone on record as saying that the "mandatory return of people to Vietnam" is "absolutely necessary."

"The comprehensive statement is in many ways grotesque," says the executive director of the International Rescue Committee, Robert De Vecchi. "What it is saying to Vietnam is build your walls higher, throw more people in jail, be more repressive."

Perhaps the biggest scandal, however, is that the very organization set up to look out for refugee rights is now giving its imprimatur to efforts to cut back on asylum. The UNHCR argues that the governments are going to do this anyway and that it is better for the commission to have some influence rather than be shut out altogether. This argument would be more persuasive if the UNHCR could show how well its influence worked in the past. For this is the same organization that "solved" the Thailand push-off problem by signing away the right of resettlement for refugees arriving in Thailand after January 1988.

Refugee policy is a tricky thing, and there is no real solution. The question, however, is whether U.S. policy is to be aimed at helping the people out there on the South China Sea or supporting the Governor Wilsons, Lee Kuan Yews, and Mahathir Mohamads, whose only concern is to keep refugees off their own shores. If the answer is the former, the congressional committees now looking at a proposed $82.9 million to UNHCR in FY 1990 might well consider redirecting that money to refugee organizations out there in the trenches: after all, of UNHCR's two thousand employees, about a third sit in Geneva.

And if it's the latter, well, we might as well be as honest as the authorities in Peking who called the Statue of Liberty erected by the students an "abomination" and ordered it torn down. □

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THE WORKERS' POPE

As a man who has experienced first hand both Nazi and Communist tyranny, and as a profoundly traditional social and political thinker, Pope John Paul II is uniquely well situated to speak to our time. Why, then, does he so often sound like

THE LAST SOCIALIST?

JOHN GRAY

IT IS A COMMONPLACE that the present Pope finds himself in a situation without parallel in the history of the Church. Many a Pope has confronted hostile secular authority, but none has hitherto emerged from a nation dominated by a government relentlessly dedicated to the wholesale extirpation of religious belief and practice from social life. Again, as a Pole, Pope John Paul II is heir to the experience first of Nazi, then of Communist totalitarianism—the two great enemies of the European cultural inheritance in our century. Pope John Paul II is also the representative to the world of the Polish Church, without which another unparalleled development could not have occurred—the transformation, for the first and so far only time, of a fully fledged Communist totalitarian state into an authoritarian despotism. Poland remains unique among Communist states in that its institutions of civil society—family, church, learned associations, trade unions—have successfully resisted incorporation into the totalitarian bureaucracy and have asserted themselves independently of the controlling institutions of the Party. It is not merely that Marxist ideology is dead in Poland—since it has long since perished as a spiritual force in all the major Communist states—but rather that, in Poland, even the attempt to legitimate the regime by means of this ideology has been openly abandoned. Standing then between the two power blocs, the present Pope has inherited a unique challenge, as he seeks to reaffirm the central content of Catholic social and political teaching against the background of a Communist dictatorship whose legitimacy his Church has effectively destroyed.

The novelty of his situation has led many Western commentators to neglect the profound traditionalism of Pope John Paul's social and political thought. Given his formative experiences of National Socialist and Marxist-Leninist totalitarianism, many Western commentators—especially those with a conservative outlook—have been puzzled by pronouncements from him that suggest a moral equivalence between the institutions of democratic capitalism and those of totalitarian socialism. Such an interpretation of the Pope's thought is clearly unjustified. It neglects the complex and difficult circumstance in which he must address constituencies within the Church that have radically divergent histories and outlooks. The Pope must address both Catholic believers who (like those in Poland) have had ample experience of the material poverty and spiritual emptiness of Marxian socialism and the Catholics of Western Europe and North and South America who, lacking such experience, are captivated by the hallucinatory visions of liberation theology.

But if the Pope's thought supports no claim of moral equivalence between East and West, it can nevertheless be criticized on several grounds. It endorses a baseless and misleading history of Western capitalism and of the West's relations with developing nations. It does not support Marxian notions of class struggle, but it propagates a socialist caricature of unfettered capitalism, and it envisions an alternative to both capitalism and socialism that is, in the end, only a mirage. While there are aspects of Western capitalism that Catholic thought is bound to condemn, papal teaching goes astray insofar as it proposes radical alternatives to the system that has brought prosperity and liberty to Western Europe, North America, and, increasingly, the Far East.

THAT POPE JOHN PAUL'S thought owes a profound debt to traditional Catholic social and political teaching is evident as soon as one considers the distinctive character of that teaching. In Aquinas, its greatest exponent, Catholic thought recognizes that man is a social animal, needing a particular framework of social institutions if he is to flourish. Among these institutions, just government comes high on the list, but in all distinctively Catholic thought the tasks of government are limited by the principle of subsidiarity: the maxim that what can be done by intermediary institutions—the professional association, the charitable organization, and, above all, the family—ought not to be usurped by the state. Indeed, we find in Catholic thought from Aquinas to Gilson and Maritain an incisive criticism of the contemporary cult of the omnicompetent state, which (in both its Communist and its liberal variants) is embarked on the sacrilegious project of erecting a political providence. If it rejects the modern heresy

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Pope John Paul has come dangerously close to giving credence to the liberationist thesis that it is modern social institutions, and above all the institutions of liberal capitalism, that account for contemporary misery and moral disorder.

that government is the primary protector of general welfare, Catholic thought does not thereby fall into the libertarian trap of ascribing to the state only the minimal functions of enforcing contracts, maintaining justice, and providing national defense. Though restricted in its tasks, government has a vital role in securing for all the conditions of well-being. It may legitimately act as the guardian of those moral traditions and practices without which human life becomes mean and degraded. Most importantly, for our purposes here, a just government cannot be a minimum state of the libertarian sort, according to Catholic political thought, since such a state explicitly denies to property rights the absolute and indefeasible status claimed for them in classical liberalism. In the tradition of Catholic social thought, private property has always been celebrated as a condition of human freedom and dignity. At the same time, the entitlements of owners have always been held in a balance with the claims of human needs. Accordingly, we find Aquinas affirming that, where property rights in luxury goods come into practical competition with basic human needs, it is the former that must yield.

BECAUSE OF THESE distinctive characteristics, Catholic thought has never regarded liberal capitalism with unqualified admiration and has often questioned the conception of economic justice that supports capitalism. One of the present Pope's most distinguished predecessors, Leo XIII, used his encyclical *Rerum Novarum* (on the conditions of labor, 1891) to express the concern of the Church over the plight of workers under a regime of unrestrained competition and to argue that ownership of capital carries with it positive duties as well as liberties and rights. Leo XIII went on to condemn doctrines of common ownership and of class war, and, in a fashion that was to become distinctive of the twentieth-century Catholic social outlook, he looked toward an economic order that was neither that of laissez-faire capitalism nor that of statist collectivism. While affirming that socialism is of no use to the workers (Section 4) and that it is unjust to individuals and families alike (Section 5), Pope Leo went on to demand a just wage for workers (Section 34), having condemned in the previous section "the brutality of those who make use of human beings as mere instruments for the unrestrained acquisition of wealth." He was followed by Pope Pius XI, who, in his encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* (1931), reaffirmed the obligations attendant upon ownership and called for a just distribution of wealth, while condemning socialism. We find Pius XI in Section 72 claiming that "social justice demands that reforms be introduced without delay which will guarantee such a wage ["sufficient to meet normal domestic needs"] to every adult working man"—thereby endorsing a minimum-wage policy that has everywhere generated needless unemployment.

It is, however, in Pope John XXIII's *Mater et Magistra* (Christianity and social progress, 1961) that we find the clearest anticipations of the concerns of the present Pope, with issues of transnational justice and the organization of work being explicitly addressed. It is in John XXIII's encyclical that signs first appear of the influence on Catholic thought of leftist criticism of Western societies and policies, notably the ascription of responsibility for the evils of underdevelopment and of advanced industrialism to unrestrained capitalism. We are not, then, far from the fusion of traditional Catholic suspicion of liberal capitalism with the fashionable modernist denigration of capitalism as the root of all evil that animates liberation theology and that surfaces even in some of the statements of Pope John Paul II. Over the past quarter of a century or so, the moral criticism of market institutions that is deep and long-standing in Catholic social thought has been successfully exploited by enemies of capitalism coming from an entirely different tradition—the modern secular tradition of revolutionary Marxist humanism. It is in this historical context that the political thought of the present Pope is to be understood.

It is worth noting here that, for all its dependency on a long-standing tradition, the political thought of Pope John Paul exhibits an originality that derives from the man himself. We need to recall that the young Karol Wojtyla wrote a study of the ethics of Max Scheler, the pioneering theorist of *ressentiment*, and a doctoral dissertation on St. John of the Cross. These writings, as well as later works such as *The Acting Person* and *Love and Responsibility*, show Pope John Paul to be informed by a passionate conviction of the inherent and transcendental worth of human personality. This deep personalism, akin to that developed in France by Emmanuel Mounière but wholly independent of it in inspiration, pervades the Pope's whole moral and political outlook. It leads him to condemn any institution which, in treating persons as mere tools or resources, denies their intrinsic dignity and value.

It is this personalism—based on the Christian affirmation that God and men are alike spiritual beings—that not only inspires the Pope's uncompromising rejection of Communism, but also strengthens his resistance to many of the fashionable forms of decadence in contemporary Christianity. Thus the Pope has repeatedly distanced himself from the Manichean certainties of liberation theology by stressing, on his visits to Latin America, that, although the Church must concern itself with questions of the distribution of political power and economic resources, yet in a Christian perspective salvation comes as a spiritual transformation, not a social revolution. What is original in the

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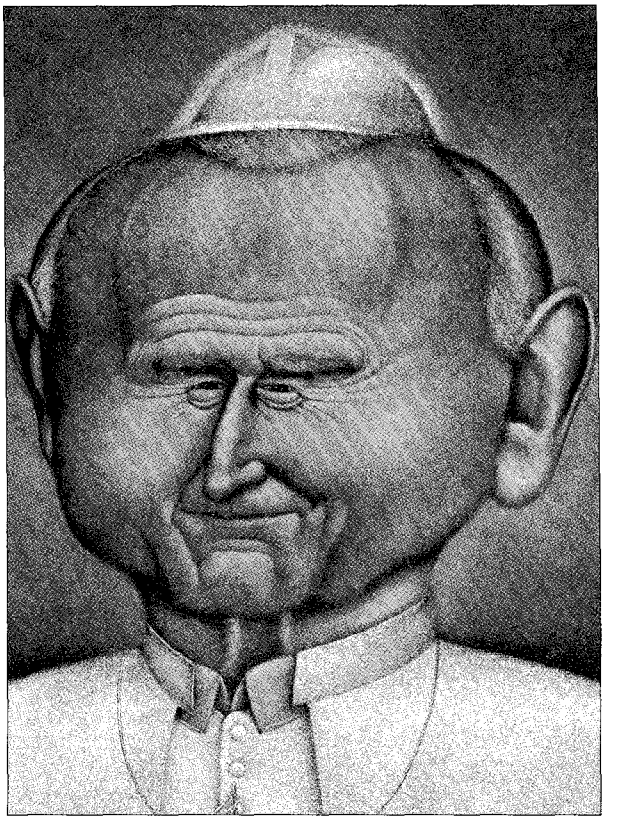
thought of the present Pope, then, is the blending of his personalist philosophy with the traditional perspectives of Catholic social thought and the unique experience of the Church in twentieth-century Poland. What is the vision of society that issues from these disparate influences?

We find a partial answer in the Pope's first major encyclical on these questions, *Laborem Exercens* (1981). This is a striking document in that it identifies as the principal source of conflict in the modern world the conflict between capital and labor. According to its analysis, the unrestrained competition of laissez-faire capitalism was in the first half of this century moderated by labor movements and progressive governments, producing a "neo-capitalism" in which capital served human needs rather than overwhelming them. More recently, however, capital has reasserted its primacy over labor, and the combination of the profit motive and the new international mobility of capital has produced an economic order replete with deprivation and injustice, especially in the developing world. The encyclical seems to recognize no essential difference between the domination of labor by capital in Western democracies and the subjugation of labor by Communist bureaucracy in the East. In both cases, what is being denied is the principle of "the priority of labor over capital" (Paragraph 12). Accordingly, both Western capitalism and Eastern Communism violate the Catholic insight that "the only legitimate title to the possession of capital —whether in the form of private ownership or in the form of public or collective ownership —is that it serve labor. . . . The right to private property is subordinated to common use, to the fact that goods are meant for everyone" (Paragraph 14).



What does *Laborem Exercens* propose as a remedy for the unjust priority of capital over labor? The encyclical is quick to note that nationalization, or collective ownership by the state, is no solution to the problem, since it substitutes the interests of the bureaucracy for those of the capitalists. What is needed, rather, is co-ownership and co-determination—a system in which workers are in a genuine partnership with employers and governments. The vision suggested by *Laborem Exercens* is a sort of ideal corporatism, in which the central planning of the economy by modern government is counterbalanced by democratic self-management within the enterprise. It is not hard to see in this conception an echo of the struggles of Solidarity in Poland, at the height of which the union represented itself as an alternative institution for organizing the entire national economy.

This analysis of the predicament of modern society, in which the insights of traditional Catholic social theory are married with the ideas of the socialist movements of Western Europe, is carried further in the encyclical *Sollicitudo Rei Socialis* (1987). It is true that in this encyclical Pope John Paul insists that "the Church's social doctrine is *not* a 'third way' between capitalism and Marxist collectivism" (Paragraph 41), affirming that the chief subject of Christian social doctrine is moral theology, not political theory. Nevertheless, the Pope continues to develop the analysis of *Laborem Exercens*, arguing that the priority of capital over labor in modern economies of all kinds "puts everyone in a position of almost absolute dependence, which is similar to the traditional dependence of the worker-proletarian in capitalism." Further, the Pope calls attention to the "persistence and often widening of the gap between the areas of the so-called developed North and the developing South," clearly implying that the underdevelopment of parts of the South is the moral responsibility of Western capitalism. Finally, and most notably, the Pope refers to the two opposing blocs in the modern world, with their "two conceptions of the development of individuals and peoples, both conceptions being imperfect and in need of radical correction" (Section 21). The Pope goes on to refer to the fact that "the Church's social doctrine adopts a critical attitude toward both liberal capitalism and Marxist collectivism." Later, in Section 37, he proceeds to specify the "structures of sin" that exist in the modern world as being embodied "on the one hand [in] the all-consuming desire for profit and on the other, the thirst for power," and asserts that these are found in "certain forms of modern imperialism."

It is in such passages that, despite his insistence that Catholic social doctrine is not a middle way between capitalism and socialism, the Pope comes closest to maintaining that both systems are saddled with these "structures of sin," power structures that demean the dignity of labor and subordinate human beings to impersonal forces. Although the Pope has insistently reaffirmed the truth that social structures are the expression of human beings acting with moral responsibility, his repeated references to "the acute need for radical reforms of the structures which conceal poverty and which are themselves forms of violence" come dangerously close to giving credence to the liberationist thesis that it is modern social institutions, and above all the institutions of liberal capitalism, that account for contemporary misery and moral disorder. This danger is most acute when we find papal pronouncements suggesting parallelisms between the structures of Western and Marxist societies. What are we to make of all this?

One need not interpret these papal pronouncements as affirming a full moral equivalence between East and West in order to be critical of their analysis. Consider, as a →

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The Vatican and the Kremlin: Full Circle

In 1846, two years before the publication of *The Communist Manifesto*, Pope Pius IX referred to "that infamous doctrine of so-called Communism which is absolutely contrary to the natural law itself; . . . [it] would utterly destroy the rights, property, and possessions of all men, and even society itself." In 1878, in *Quod Apostolici Muneris*, Pope Leo XIII defined Communism as "that fatal plague which insinuates itself into the very marrow of society only to bring about its ruin." In 1937, in the wake of Stalin's Great Terror, Pope Pius XI, in *Divini Redemptoris*, officially anathematized "atheistic Communism." And in 1949, the Holy See under Pope Pius XII denied the sacraments to those Catholics who knowingly and willingly joined the Communist Party.

During the next two pontificates, the relationship between the Vatican and the Kremlin changed dramatically. Pope John XXIII's 1963 encyclical *Pacem in Terris* distinguishes between false teachings and the historical movements to which they give rise: "Who can deny that these movements, in so far as they conform to the dictates of right reason and are the interpreters of the lawful aspirations of the human person, contain elements that are positive and deserving of approval?"

As if to follow through on these overtures, John initiated the notorious Moscow-Vatican agreement. To obtain the presence of Russian Orthodox observers at the Second Vatican Council (1962-65), John promised the Soviets, through his chief diplomat, Cardinal Tisserant, that the Council would not attack Communism or the Soviet regime. Tisserant's official biographer, Monsignor Georges Roche, writes that at the Council, "whenever a bishop wished to touch on the question of Communism, the Cardinal intervened . . . to recall the order of silence in accordance with the Pope's wishes."

The results of this shift were profound. The Eleventh Congress of the Italian Communist Party noted: "The Council itself is providing us *gratis* with the best means of reaching the Catholic public." The Colombian priest Camillo Torres, who joined his country's Communist rebels in 1966, stated, "John XXIII authorizes me to march along with the Communists."

Pope Paul VI's 1967 *Populorum Progressio* justified violent revolution against "manifest, long-standing tyranny," and urged Catholics to cooperate with "all those who labor . . . to give unselfish service to their brothers." Radicals naturally included Marxist revolutionaries in that category. Father Daniel Berrigan found Ho Chi Minh superior to the Pope and recent American Presidents, more on a level with Jesus and Loyola, as he moved among the poor "allowing spiritual forces to be liberated." Peter Hebblethwaite, Britain's foremost Catholic leftist, found Mao a saintly hero: "If Marxism, in its Chinese version, has fed the hungry, transformed the lives of the oppressed and the outcasts, and brought about a more genuinely cooperative society, then it has come close to the Christian teaching that all are brothers in the one body."

Nothing better exemplifies the trend than the Catholic order of Maryknoll. Founded in 1911 as an international missionary organization, Maryknoll has, since the 1960s, undergone a radical revision of purpose. Father Leo McCarthy, an elderly Maryknoller, is quoted in the journal *Crisis* as explaining that in the old days, "we felt we had to convert the pagan Chinese because they were a people living in sin and darkness. It makes you feel like vomiting today." What concerns the order now is not evangelization but political and economic liberation—liberation theology. Father Ernesto Cardenal, a Catholic priest now serving in the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua, gives an example of the liberationist critique: "The people are constantly asked to perform practices which have no value at all. God does not want rites or prayers, sacrifices or incense. What He wants is for the people to be set free, to break all chains, to put an end to exploitation."

Such a transformation within the Church has not gone unnoticed outside. In *Out of Step*, Sidney Hook recalls being "confronted by a Jesuit priest who criticized me for protesting the ruthless persecutions of Catholic and other missionaries on the ground that the Chinese Communists were trying to help the exploited masses . . . Although I did not say it, I thought he was a disgrace to his cloth, which is a strange emotion for a disbeliever."

But at last, the wind has shifted. In 1984, John Paul II wrote that liberation theology "seriously departs from the faith of the Church, and . . . actually constitutes a practical negation." His conclusion: "While claiming to bring them freedom, these [atheistic and totalitarian] regimes keep whole nations in conditions of servitude which are unworthy of mankind."

In 1985, the Holy See silenced the Brazilian liberationist Leonardo Boff for almost a year, indicating it would do the same to other theologians who promote Marxism in the name of Christ. More recently, it has investigated the Maryknoll order, found it subordinating Catholicism to Marxism, and closed its seminary in Ossining, New York.

Dominum et Vivificantem, John Paul II's 1986 encyclical letter, was the first in several decades to directly attack Communism: "the resistance to the Holy Spirit . . . reaches its clearest expression in materialism . . . The system which has . . . carried to its extreme practical consequences this form of thought, ideology, and practice is dialectical and historical materialism, which is still recognized as the essential core of Marxism."

In 1925, Soviet Foreign Minister Georgi Chicherin told Father Michael d'Herbigny, a Jesuit stationed in Russia, that international Communism felt confident about destroying capitalism, but that Rome "would be much harder to deal with." Thanks in large part to John Paul II, Chicherin's statement remains true. —William Doino Jr.

Mr. Doino is a freelance writer living in Connecticut.

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The vision that has sometimes animated Solidarity, and which is often present in recent papal teachings—a vision of a free society that is neither capitalist nor socialist—is a snare and a delusion.

→ first example, the analysis offered of contemporary problems of underdevelopment. Contrary to the encyclicals, all contemporary evidence suggests that it is the adoption of the institutions of the market economy that is the chief condition of sustained economic development. We need only consider the Far East, and compare the prosperity of Hong Kong, Taiwan, Singapore, South Korea, and Japan with the squalor of Vietnam or North Korea, to see that the role of capitalist institutions in the developing world is that of a pacemaker for economic growth, while socialist institutions are a recipe for continued poverty (and often famine). Again, it is simply false to suppose that underdevelopment is caused by Western capital. More commonly, the obverse is the case, as we can see in Burma, where decades of isolation from Western trade have progressively impoverished a once-rich country.

The encyclicals' faulty analysis of contemporary problems of underdevelopment runs in parallel with their repetition of the conventional wisdom about early capitalism. Contrary to that received view, the nineteenth-century heyday of unregulated capitalism witnessed an explosive increase in popular living standards, as infant mortality fell and hitherto luxury goods became staple items in the lives of ever larger numbers. The analysis of the encyclicals assimilates uncritically the historiography of the Industrial Revolution, most graphically stated by Engels in his book on the conditions of the English working class, according to which the Industrial Revolution was attended by a disastrous collapse in popular living standards. It is a pity that this once-dominant interpretation, now increasingly rejected by economic historians, should inform these encyclicals.

A DEEPER CRITICISM of the encyclicals would focus on the unreality of the ideal corporatism that is their positive content. The experience of the Seventies in Britain, the United States, and Western Europe is ample testimony to the fact that corporatist institutions are a recipe for economic stagnation and political corruption. Rather than acting to protect the common good, these institutions entrench private interests and confer on them public authority. The idea of an harmonious integration of interests through the machinery of central economic planning, like the idea of economic democracy or worker-participation in industry, has proved a mirage, the pursuit of which only distracts us from the real work of repair and reform of the institutions we have inherited. The positive vision of the encyclicals suffers from the same defect as that which afflicts Solidarity in Poland—that it offers no alternative to the disastrous institutions of centralized planning that is coherent or workable. No doubt Solidarity advisors are correct when they urge that moves to market institutions must be genuine ones that encompass the legal protection of private property rights. Further, the transition from state socialism to a market economy must address the costs inseparable from the dismantling of controls. Nevertheless, the vision that has sometimes animated Solidarity, and which is often present in recent papal teachings—a vision of a free society that is neither capitalist nor socialist—is a snare and a delusion. All modern experience suggests that there is only one alternative to state socialism, which will give us both prosperity and liberty—the institutions of a capitalist market economy.

It is undeniably true that the Church can never identify itself unequivocally with any single economic system or political order. The Christian life has in human history flourished in a variety of systems and institutions, notably that of medieval feudalism, and it has no unique affinity with democratic capitalism. Further, there is no reason why the attitude of the Church to capitalism should be one of uncritical endorsement. There is within Catholic thought, after all, a legitimate tradition of criticism of capitalism—which found memorable expression in our century in the writings of Chesterton and Belloc—that identifies as a major blemish of capitalist institutions the exclusion of a significant section of the population from the benefits of private ownership. Democratic capitalism, like any other economic and political system, is heir to the evils that flow from man's intractable limitations and can be defended only as the least imperfect set of institutions available to mankind in the present age. Having recognized these truths, however, we must affirm that in our historical circumstance, the Christian life best thrives in the economic system which the papal encyclicals have condemned. For us, at any rate, radical alternatives to market capitalism are merely delusive, and the idea of a third way between capitalism and socialism is a distraction from the task of reforming our historical inheritance of capitalist institutions so that all may benefit from them.

For us, in other words, moral and spiritual life can thrive only in the civil society that market capitalism created and now sustains. For us, also, state socialism on the Marxist model must be perceived, not as a legitimate alternative to Western institutions, but as their mortal enemy. These are simple and indeed homely truths, which the Church should be first in recognizing and affirming. It is perhaps a measure of the achievement of the present Pope that, speaking from a circumstance of unprecedented novelty and complexity, he should return our thought to the most simple of insights—that Communism on the Marxist model not only fails to bring justice into the world, but also acts to destroy that cultural inheritance of Western values upon which all of us, believers and unbelievers alike, must depend. □

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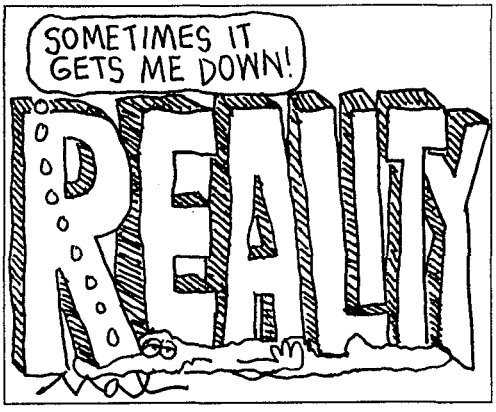
help !!!!

" 'Financial assets eroded by inflation' simply means wampum has lost its clout."

When Hot Air Fails

Like the pig who favored brick,
Noriega's bailiwick
Still offhandedly rebuffs
Mr. Bush's huffs and puffs,
Which, as in Act V *Macbeth*,
Hint the hero's out of breath.

W. H. von Dreele



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Mac, *Daily Mail*, London / Rothco

"Don't just stand there, Wilkins—do something! I've been like this ever since I questioned the Ascension."

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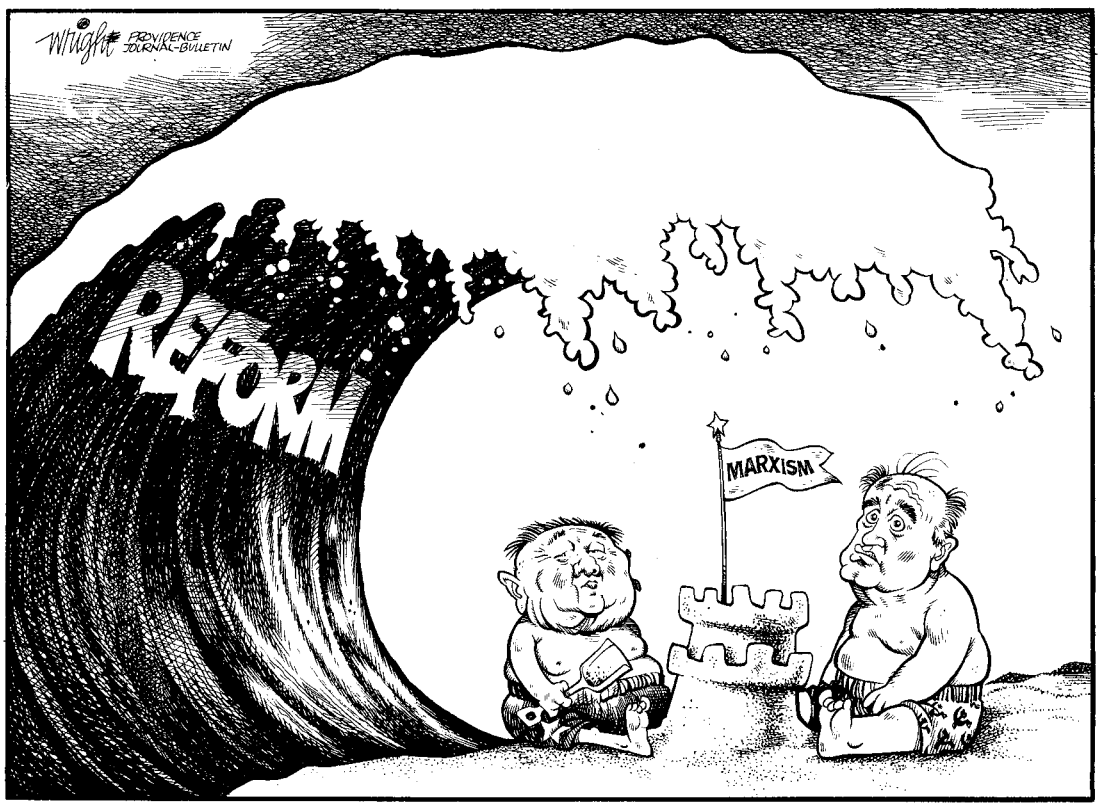

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EPA MEETS CFC

The ozone hole is growing! Skin cancer is on the rise! The sky is falling! And the Chicken Littles in Washington, Oslo, and the Hague have all the answers, oblivious to the scientific evidence that shifts month by month.

MY ADVENTURES IN THE OZONE LAYER

S. FRED SINGER

MRS. THATCHER'S 123-nation Conference to Save the Ozone Layer, held in London this March, ended with a whimper. The developing nations, principally China and India, were quite unconvinced by the evidence and unwilling to go along with the European Community and the United States in rushing to completely phase out chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) and other widely used chemicals. The developing nations have a point.

The London conference has been followed in the last three months by gatherings in the Hague and in Helsinki. All this after the 1985 Vienna Convention, the Montreal Protocol (September 1987), Geneva, Toronto, and who knows how many other international gabfests in between. Who can keep track of them? Norway's Prime Minister, Mrs. Gro Harlem Brundtland, a devout environmentalist, hardly spends time in Oslo any more. When do these people ever *govern*?

The hyperactivity this creates in U.S. government agencies, mainly the State Department and EPA, has to be seen to be believed. The congressional Government Accounting Office would have done an investigation and totaled up the thousands of hours and the huge resources spent on this issue—except that Congress and its staffs are just as involved. Things are building up to a fever pitch—spurred on by lurid stories in the media. "Arctic Ozone Is Poised for a Fall," scream the headlines. "Skin Cancer Is on the Rise!" Is it all hype? Or are there real grounds for worry? As we'll see, the scientific basis for the much-touted ozone crisis may be evaporating—leaving the new breed of geo-eco-politicians high and dry.

IT ALL STARTED with the SST, just twenty years ago. The emerging environmental movement scored its first great victory by convincing Congress to cancel the program to build two SST prototypes that would have been tested in the stratosphere. When objections concerning noise and sonic booms didn't bring down the program, the activists discovered the stratospheric ozone layer and the fact that a fleet of five hundred planes might have some effect on the ozone content of the upper atmosphere. Most influential was the argument that a reduction in ozone would allow more solar ultraviolet (UV) radiation to reach the earth's surface, and thus increase the rate of skin cancers. That did it: the skin-cancer scare has been with us ever since, inextricably intertwined with the stratospheric-ozone issue.

Throughout these past two decades many truths have been uncovered by imaginative researchers, but many of these have not been revealed to the public—and quite a few things have been propagated that departed from scientific truth. Scientists, by and large, behaved honorably, although egos and ambitions sometimes collided with facts, leading to a temptation to ignore the facts. Politicians had no hesitation in manipulating science. And the media had a field day. Let me give you a personal account of this convoluted history.

I FIRST GOT INVOLVED in the SST issue in 1970 while serving as a deputy assistant administrator of the EPA. I was asked to take on the additional task of chairing an interagency committee for the Department of Transportation on the environmental effects of the SST. (I had some background in atmospheric physics, having been active in the earliest rocket experiments on the ozone layer, and I even invented the instrument that later become the main ozone meter for satellites.) There were many false starts. We knew so little about the upper atmosphere. The ozone problem didn't come up until sometime in 1970, as I recall; and then only in the context of the effects of the water vapor from the burning of the SSTs' fuel. It was a year later before we came to realize that the main culprit would be, not H_2O, but the small amount of nitrogen oxides (NOX) created in any combustion process.

The first estimates suggested that some 70 per cent of the ozone would be destroyed by an SST fleet; without the ozone shield, "lethal" ultraviolet radiation would stream down to sea level, and an epidemic of skin cancers would sweep the world. This scare campaign led to the cancellation of the SST project. Of course, the two prototypes—all that was authorized—wouldn't have caused any noticeable effect; but the SST opponents had succeeded in con-

Mr. Singer, a professor of environmental sciences at the University of Virginia, has served as director of the U.S. weather-satellite program, as deputy assistant administrator of the EPA, and, most recently, as chief scientist of the Department of Transportation.

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fusing the issue. England and France went on to build the Concorde—with no apparent environmental consequences.

Only later was it discovered that there were also natural sources of stratospheric NOX, and the SST effect soon fell to 10 per cent. But then laboratory measurements yielded better data, and by 1978 the effect had actually turned *positive*: SSTs would add to the ozone! It became slightly negative again after 1980, but by then the SST had been forgotten and all attention was concentrated on the effects of CFCs.

Few outside my special field know about these wild gyrations in the theoretical predictions. But those of us who lived through them have developed a certain humility and affection toward the ozone layer. It's a matter of some irony that current theory predicts that aircraft exhaust counteracts the ozone-destroying effects of CFCs. But remember: it's only a theory, and it could change.

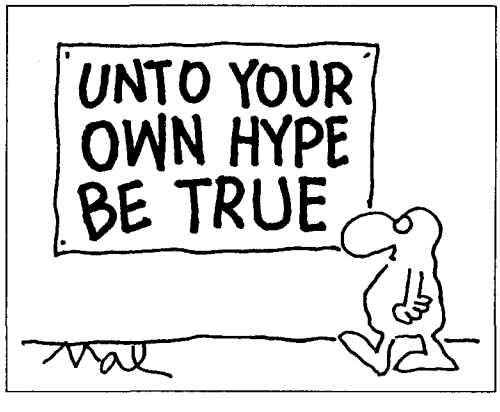
Science is supposed to be value-free. I learned differently when I conducted a modest survey among my colleagues during the SST controversy. I found that those who opposed SSTs for economic (or less valid) reasons also tended to believe that the environmental effects would be serious. Those who liked the idea of supersonic transportation tended to belittle the ozone effects; they turned out to be right a few years later, but how did they know?

ONCE PANDORA'S BOX had been opened, we all began to look for other ways to affect stratospheric ozone. During my EPA tenure I became intrigued by the idea that human-produced (or, at least, human-related) methane could affect the stratosphere. Methane is a long-lived gas in the atmosphere, very difficult to destroy. It was thought to be mainly due to natural sources, swamps and things like that. But I soon realized that many important sources are related to human activities: rice paddies, cattle, and oil and gas wells, for example.

I reached two conclusions: that about half the methane input is anthropogenic and should therefore increase as population and GNP grow; and that methane can percolate up into the stratosphere, there to be attacked by solar UV radiation, eventually adding to the water vapor in the dry stratosphere. To my surprise I found that methane's contribution to water vapor is about as large as that feared to come from a hypothetical SST fleet.

Public interest in my methane theory was mild, to say the least. The American journal *Science* turned it down, based on the recommendation of the reviewer—a good friend, who then called to tell me he did it to protect my scientific reputation! It was finally published in 1971 in the British journal *Nature*. But no one got excited about it: stopping cows from belching and emitting other gaseous exhalations didn't ignite the environmental community. Cows are so—natural and low-tech. Not a great cause. And besides, controlling their emissions could be messy.

CFCs are different. Brilliant work by a British scientist, James Lovelock, and the calculations of two Californians, Mario Molina and Sherwood Rowland, demonstrated in 1974 the possibility that long-lived and normally quite inactive CFCs would percolate up into the stratosphere, and there be decomposed and attack ozone.



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The ecofreaks were ecstatic. At last, an industrial chemical—and produced by big bad Du Pont and others of that ilk. What a worthy successor to the SST, now that that issue was dead.

Regulation was not long in coming. By 1975, voluntary restraints were adopted on the use of CFCs in spray cans, an important but noncritical application. By 1978, the United States and some other Western nations had unilaterally banned CFC use in all aerosol applications.

But that was all for a while. The other applications of CFCs didn't have easy replacements. Substitutes hadn't been developed; and they might turn out to be hazardous, toxic, or expensive—perhaps all of the above. Besides, replacing refrigerators, air conditioners, plastic-foam blowers, and electronic cleaning equipment loomed as an expensive undertaking. Most Europeans and the Japanese were not interested in joining any global agreement, and further unilateral action by the U.S. wouldn't have been very effective globally.

On top of all this, the data from the labs and computers were reducing the threat. A National Academy of Sciences study in 1980 predicted an 18 per cent ozone decrease, based on a certain standard CFC scenario. By 1982 the effect had decreased to 7 per cent, and by 1984 to between 2 and 4 per cent. Ironically, much of the reduction was due to the discovery of the counteracting effects of other pollutants: methane, nitrogen oxides, and carbon dioxide. So—putting these polluting gases into the atmosphere hastens the arrival of global warming by the greenhouse effect while reducing the destruction of ozone.

Then along came the Antarctic "ozone hole" (AOH).

IN 1985, a British group operating an ozone observing station at Halley Bay, Antarctica, published a result that came out of the blue. Beginning around 1975, every October, they observed a short-lived decline in the amount of stratospheric ozone. The amplitude of the decrease had grown steadily, reaching nearly 50 per cent of the total ozone. The finding was quickly confirmed by satellite instruments, which also indicated that the phenomenon covered a large geographic region.

The "smoking gun" had been found—so it seemed. CFCs were immediately suspected; and indeed, chlorine compounds were observed in the region of ozone destruction. The process itself was a new one and had not been studied before; it involved the presence of ice clouds that formed in the polar winter in the coldest region of the earth's atmosphere. The growth of the hole was "obviously" connected to the rise in the atmospheric CFC concentration; and it seemed only a matter of time before the hole would expand and "swallow us all"—or at least all the world's ozone.

The AOH put new life into the anti-CFC crowd. Dropping their ear-

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lier opposition, the industry rolled over and played dead, finally joining the environmental activists. It may have dawned on businessmen that with demand rising and supply limited or even declining, prices and profits could grow nicely. Those with safe substitutes might even gain market share and keep out competitors. Within the government, the strong push came from EPA and State, where mid-level bureaucrats fashioned a steamroller that pushed the White House to propose, as a compromise, a CFC production freeze, followed by a rollback to 50 per cent. That was the upshot of the 1987 Montreal Protocol.

But some things didn't quite fit. I was puzzled by the sudden onset of the AOH in 1975. It suggested some kind of trigger, unlikely to come from the steady increase of the atmospheric CFC content. What could it be? A climate fluctuation that cooled the stratosphere enough for the ice crystals to form? But if the cause was a cooling fluctuation, then the hole could disappear if the fluctuation went the other way. Or—the AOH might have existed before. I sent a letter to the editor of *Science* suggesting this—no luck. So, in November 1988, I finally published a short note in *Eos*, the house journal of the American Geophysical Union, the major professional society in this field.

MEANWHILE, the hype was deafening. I remember one congressional hearing in 1987—there were so many—where the witness was a noted dermatologist. He explained that since 1975, malignant melanoma had increased nearly 100 per cent—a frightening but true statistic. He simply did not explain three other facts to the Congress or to the media:

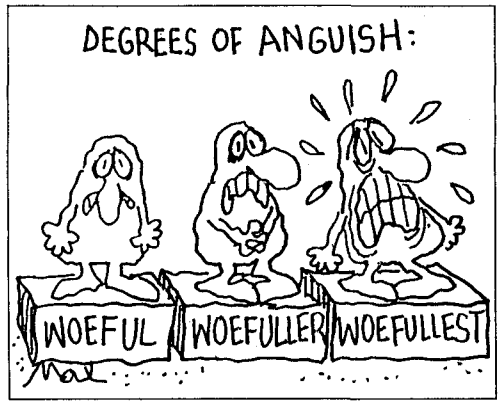
—An Antarctic hole should have no effect whatsoever on cancer rates in the United States.

—In any case, melanomas have not been related directly to increased UV exposure.

—And finally, melanoma rates have been increasing by about 800 per cent since statistics were first collected in 1935. There has been no corresponding change in the ozone layer or in the UV reaching sea level. To the contrary, measurements of UV-B (the biologically active component) have shown a pronounced and steady *decline* at every location; UV intensities in American cities are lower today than in 1974. The causes of melanoma must include more than UV exposure.

There does exist a correlation between UV-B intensity and benign, non-melanoma skin tumors. Their frequency clearly increases as one approaches the equator, where the sun and the UV are both stronger, with tumor incidence more than doubling between Minnesota and south Texas. But we should not assume that all the increase is due to higher UV intensities. Lifestyles in warmer climates are conducive to longer exposures and may therefore contribute at least as much to skin tumors as the UV values themselves.

One other fact they don't much talk about: a 5 per cent decrease in the ozone layer, as calculated by some of the more pessimistic scenarios, would increase UV exposure to the same extent as moving about sixty miles south, the distance from Palm Beach to Miami, or from Seattle to Tacoma. An increase in altitude of one thousand feet would produce the same result.



THE LATEST PHASE in the war against CFCs began in March 1988 when the NASA Ozone Trends Panel (OTP) announced its findings, after a massive reanalysis of data from ground stations and satellites. After subtracting all the natural variations they could think of—some of them as large as 50 per cent within a few months, at a given station—they extracted a statistical decrease of 0.2 per cent per year over the last 17 years. Making these corrections is very difficult and very technical and very uncertain—especially when the natural variations are a hundred times larger than the alleged steady change.

Furthermore, there is the matter of choosing the time period of study. When people ask me whether the climate is getting warmer or colder, I generally just answer "yes." It all depends on over what time scale we average. If the time scale is a few months, then the answer in the spring would of course be "warmer" and in the fall "colder." Now, 17 years is only one and a half solar cycles; and solar cycles have a very strong influence on ozone content. Another letter to *Science*—not accepted.

The Panel announced its result with great fanfare, an "executive summary," and a press conference—but no publication (as yet) that would allow an independent check of its analysis. One item stands out from its announcement: the trend found is greater than calculated from the theory. Now this could mean that the theory is wrong, or the trend is spurious, or both. But the Panel's conclusion was different: the trend is "worse than expected," and *therefore* CFCs must be phased out completely and quickly. The logic of this conclusion escapes me; but this has now become the U.S. position. Can you blame the Chinese and Indians for not going along?

IT'S NOT DIFFICULT to understand some of the motivations behind the drive to regulate CFCs out of existence. For scientists: prestige, more grants for research, press conferences, and newspaper stories. Also the feeling that maybe they are saving the world for future generations. For bureaucrats the rewards are obvious. For diplomats there are negotiations, initialing of agreements, and—the ultimate—ratification of treaties. It doesn't really much matter what the treaty is about, but it helps if it supports "good things." For all involved there is of course travel to pleasant places, good hotels, international fellowship, and more. It's certainly not a zero-sum game.

I have left environmental activists till last. There are well-intentioned individuals who are sincerely concerned about what they perceive as a critical danger to humanity. But many of the professionals share the same incentives as government bureaucrats: status, salaries, perks, and power. And then there are prob-

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ably those with hidden agendas of their own—not just to "save the environment" but to change our economic system. The telltale signs are the attack on the corporation, the profit motive, and the new technologies.

Some of these "coercive utopians" are socialists, some are technology-hating Luddites; most have a great desire to regulate—on as large a scale as possible. That's what makes the CFC/ozone issue so attractive to them. And it showed tellingly at the Hague conference this March—to which the U.S. was not invited. You can perhaps guess why. These geo-eco-politicians actually proposed a new UN agency, aptly named "Globe." Globe was supposed to invoke and enforce sanctions on nations that did not knuckle under to the environmental dictates of those who knew better. Wow!

Globe didn't fly—this time round. Here is David Doniger, senior attorney for the activist Natural Resources Defense Council, writing in the National Academy's *Issues in Science and Technology* in 1988: "[The CFC protocol] serves as a precedent for . . . [protocols on] carbon dioxide and a dozen other trace gases." So that's what they are headed for. Doniger fairly chortles when he recounts how "hard-liners" and "anti-regulatory elements" in the White House fought a losing battle against tough control on CFCs because they "seemed either to disbelieve the scientific evidence of ozone depletion or to belittle its consequences."

When people ask me whether the climate is getting warmer or colder, I generally just answer 'yes.' It all depends on over what time scale we average.

As one of those hard-liners, I need to explain where I stand and why I am unrepentant in considering any *extreme* controls on CFCs to be *premature*. I tried to explain all this in a letter to the editor of *Issues*, but he turned it down. Twice, in fact. So much for open discussion of important scientific and public-policy issues.

I am not against CFC control at all; but look at the poor state of the scientific evidence. The case against CFCs is based on a theory of ozone depletion, plausible but quite incomplete—and certainly not reliable in its quantitative predictions. Doniger himself does a good job of undermining the credibility of the theory—his only "witness for the prosecution." In his own words:

—"Current models for predicting ozone depletion are inadequate."

—"A National Academy of Sciences [NAS] report . . . quickly became outdated because of new scientific information."

He neglects to inform us that during the past decade the NAS results have varied all over the place. To make matters worse for Doniger's case, evidence is firming up that volcanoes, and perhaps salt spray and bio-chemical emissions from the oceans, contribute substantially to stratospheric chlorine, and thus dilute the effects of CFCs. And new scientific results, from the laboratory and the stratosphere, are pouring in constantly; the theory has been in a state of flux and is bound to change.

Having impugned the CFC/ozone theory—the only basis for making predictions—Doniger nevertheless insists on *immediate* draconian measures to control CFC production. Not content with a temporary freeze or a rollback, he argues for a complete phase-out of CFCs—without waiting for better scientific data.

THE STANDARD CFC/ozone theory did not predict the ozone hole, nor can it account for its future course. According to recent reports, an ozone hole is just about to open in the Arctic—and, by implication, all over the globe. That's a scary thought—and it has made a great impact on the public as well as on governments. It probably was the main impetus for the Montreal Protocol.

This sudden growth of the AOH may, however, as I mentioned before, simply signal the presence of a triggering mechanism that has nothing to do with the steady increase in CFC concentration. Under this hypothesis, the AOH would not continue to grow as CFCs build up, and could even be ephemeral.

In reaction to my suggestion published in *Eos*, Professor Marcel Nicolet, a distinguished Belgian atmospheric physicist, has reminded us in a note to the same journal of a long-forgotten publication by G. M. B. Dobson, the Oxford professor who started modern ozone observations. Dobson recounts that when the Halley Bay Antarctic station was first set up in 1956, the monthly telegrams showed that "the values in September and October 1956 were about 150 [Dobson] units [50 per cent] lower than expected. . . . In November the ozone values suddenly jumped up to those expected . . . It was not until a year later, when the same type of annual variation was repeated, that we realized that the early results were indeed correct and that Halley Bay showed a most interesting difference from other parts of the world."

AS NOTED EARLIER, the Ozone Trends Panel of NASA has not yet released its full report for general review. Yet much political action has already been initiated on the basis just of the announcement. For example, Western nations, principally the UK, are pushing to tighten the Montreal Protocol by completely phasing out most CFCs, instead of just freezing and gradually rolling back CFC production to 50 per cent as agreed to in the protocol.

While the OTP report itself is not available, a parallel report from the Center for Applied Mathematics of Allied-Signal, Inc., was distributed at a UN Ozone Science Meeting at the Hague in October 1988. The Allied study deals with many of the corrections necessary to establish a believable trend. The estimated change in total ozone over the 17 years 1970-86 is somewhat less than the OTP result. But the change shows a surprisingly strong dependence on the choice of time period. A simple explanation may be that the 1970-86 period covers only one and a half so-

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lar cycles and includes two solar flux decreases versus only one increase, i.e., two periods of decreasing ozone trends and one increase. Thus the reported global ozone decline may just be an artifact of the analysis procedure.

On the other hand, if the ozone trend is real, then there are several possible explanations:

—CFCs are indeed lowering the average concentration.

—Human-related factors other than CFCs are decreasing ozone levels. One such factor could be methane, as mentioned earlier. Another could be commercial jet aircraft, which are increasingly penetrating the lower stratosphere. But *current* theory does not envision ozone destruction from this source.

—Natural effects related to solar-cycle variability may be responsible for an observed ozone decline. For example, the decline in strength of the solar cycle after 1958 could account for an ozone decline. This hypothesis leads to an interesting aside. Solar cycles have varied greatly. In recent times, sunspot numbers at the peak of the cycle have been as low as 40 (in 1817) and as high as 190 (in 1958). During the Maunder Minimum (1645-1715) sunspots were essentially absent. This suggests that there could have been substantial changes in average ozone levels in the past, approximating those feared to result from the release of CFCs. It would be interesting, therefore, to search the historical records for any biological consequences to humans, agricultural crops, or marine life caused by low ozone levels around 1700.

THE CURRENT SITUATION can fairly be summarized as follows: The CFC/ozone theory is quite incomplete and cannot as yet be relied on to make predictions. The natural sources of stratospheric ozone have not yet been delineated, theoretically or experimentally. The Antarctic ozone hole may be ephemeral; it may be controlled by climatic factors rather than by CFCs. The reported decline in global ozone may just be an artifact of the analysis. Even if real, its cause may be related to the declining strength of solar activity rather than to CFCs. The steady increase in malignant melanomas has been going on for at least fifty years and has nothing to do with ozone or CFCs. And the incidence of ordinary skin tumors has been greatly overstated.

So—the basis for all of the control efforts, the negotiations, the protocol, and the international conferences is pretty shaky. Now may be the time to reflect on the decisive words of the immortal Comrade Lenin: "*Shto dyelat'?*—What to do?"

The regulatory regime for CFCs adopted in the Montreal Protocol is immensely complicated. Enforcing it will be a nightmare, involving the use of trade barriers and sanctions applied not only to CFCs but to products manufactured with CFCs—such items as foam plastics and electronic circuit boards that go into computers and TV sets. It will prove to be a contentious issue, particularly since special concessions were given to Third World nations and the USSR. The Common Market operates under a European production cap, which further complicates the situation.

The stakes involved are high. Recent newspaper accounts have the EPA predicting a six-fold increase in price, as growing demand for CFCs presses against a limited supply. You can see the struggle for market share and profits reflected in Doniger's choice of words. When Du Pont was fighting the protocol, it was said to be concerned about "price" (read: profits); but once it decided to manufacture substitutes, he talked only about the "right market incentives." An interesting and contentious question: Should Du Pont and other chemical manufacturers keep the profits that will be created as a result of government regulation?

And finding substitutes for CFCs is no simple matter. A *New York Times* report of March 7, 1989, talks about the disadvantages of the CFC substitutes. They may be toxic, flammable, and corrosive; and they certainly won't work as well. They'll reduce the energy efficiency of appliances such as refrigerators, and they'll deteriorate, requiring frequent replenishment. Nor is this all. About $135 billion worth of equipment uses CFCs in the U.S. alone, and much of this equipment will have to be replaced or modified to work well with the CFC substitutes. Eventually, that will involve one hundred million home refrigerators, the air conditioners in ninety million cars, and the central air-conditioning plants in 100,000 large buildings. Good luck!

Trade barriers can accomplish the same results as UN sanctions and won't make us beloved. Third World countries are already heard accusing the West of protecting its pocketbooks and its fair skins.

These are some of the costs we are now trying to impose on developing countries, which can ill afford them. Sanctions through a new UN agency seem to be out—at least for the time being. But trade barriers can accomplish the same results and won't make us beloved. Third World countries are already heard accusing the West of protecting its pocketbooks as well as its fair skins. (Keep in mind that olive-skinned and dark-skinned people are not very susceptible to skin tumors caused by solar ultraviolet rays.)

Of course, if we in the West should be inclined to pay the bill for this major industrial *perestroika*, then others might just go along. So it's environmental blackmail versus environmental imperialism.

Governments have yet to address what I regard as the real policy issue: how to make decisions about controls on CFC production, *and the timing of these controls*, in the light of incomplete and often conflicting scientific information. What is needed, it seems to me, is a more complete analysis that weighs the risks to society stemming from a delay in instituting production controls against the possibility of substantially improving both observations and the theory so that predictions can be relied upon. At least, when George Bush decided to go along with born-again environmentalist Maggie Thatcher, he qualified his support for a complete CFC phase-out depending on the availability of safe substitutes. He should have added careful science as another condition. □

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It was tough enough for Britain, with a centuries-old tradition of rule of law, to arrive at the democratic reforms of the mid 1800s. What hope for China and Russia, with centuries-old traditions of authoritarianism? But Boris Yeltsin and Wuer Kaixi are giving it a good shot.

TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE REVOLUTION

CHINA: THE PARTY WINS

BRIAN CROZIER

THERE WERE SUBLIME moments in the great Chinese crisis: as when the workers joined the students and student power became people power. Or when the People's Liberation Army fraternized with "the people." Yet in the end, it seems, the party won, after the humiliations of mass disobedience and the grave loss of face during Mikhail Gorbachev's visit to the Chinese People's Republic.

Mass popular movements are relatively rare, and do not necessarily succeed. For success, you need some or all of a variety of factors: an alternative leader, an old or exhausted one, military support, a collapse of will. In the Philippines, Corazon Aquino was the alternative leader in waiting, and Marcos was sick as well as corrupt and unpopular. In France in 1968, the workers refused to join the students, and paradoxically saved de Gaulle by a general strike; nor was the General (quite) ready to give up power, although he bowed out a year later, in 1969.

In South Korea, Syngman Rhee was 85 when the students toppled him in 1960, after 12 years of despotic power. Well, isn't that about Deng Xiaoping's age? Yes, but the differences are illuminating.

Philosophically, Maoism was a heresy; politically, it was purest orthodoxy. In 1930, Mao Tse-tung's predecessor as Communist Party leader, Li Li-san, Moscow-trained and soaked in Marxism-Leninism, ordered Mao to seize Wuhan and other big cities. The point was simply that the sacred texts said the revolution was to be based on the urban workers. Scathingly skeptical, Mao did as he was ordered, but the strategy failed, and Li was disgraced. Mao had pointed out, logically enough, that China was short of workers and had peasants in abundance. So power would come from the barrels of guns held by peasants, not workers. His heresy paid off.

The Chinese Communist Party, however, has always been profoundly Leninist. Democratic centralism prevails. Once agreed upon, the line must be applied unquestioningly. Those who deviate, especially if they go public, become "anti-Party elements." This is what happened to the late Hu Yaobang, deposed as Party boss two years ago for failing to deal with the students, and for "bourgeois liberalism" and other ideological sins. No wonder, this time round, the students were invoking his name.

Hu's successor, Zhao Ziyang, now appears to be in the same kind of deviationist trouble. China's "paramount leader," the diminutive Deng Xiaoping, knows all about deviationist sinners, having been one himself. During the Cultural Revolution, Mao denounced him (correctly, it turned out) as a "capitalist-roader." Though disgraced, he escaped relatively lightly. (His son, Deng Pufang, was less fortunate: he was defenestrated by the Red Guards and paralyzed from the waist down. We shall come back to Deng Jr., who, involuntarily, was one of the causes of the student protest movement.)

Perhaps the biggest problem, for the students, was that they were rudderless. Leaders did spring up, especially the self-confident young Wuer Kaixi, of whom, if he survives whatever nasty treatment is in store for him, more will be heard. Efficient and personable, he had two handicaps: his youth (21, as reported) and the fact that he is not a Han Chinese but a Uighur from the Muslim West.

RUDDERLESS? Yes, for the students knew what they didn't like (corruption, nepotism, and despotism), but not what they wanted. Cries for "democracy" cohabited uneasily with nostalgic evocations of the uncorrupt and egalitarian rule of Mao himself, denunciations of Premier Li Peng, and praise for Hu Yaobang, Zhao Ziyang, and even Mikhail Gorbachev.

Deng Xiaoping knows all about power and barrels of guns. The only title he has kept for himself is Chairman of the Military Affairs Commission. His natural recourse was to martial law, and he may have been taken by surprise by the handshakes between students and tank crews. Nobody knows better than he, however, that the People's Liberation Army is divided into military regions, which broadly correspond with China's spoken linguistic divisions. If you want to subdue students, you don't bring in troops who understand what they say. Try "South Central" (Canton and Wuhan); or how about "West and Southwest" (Sinkiang, Chengtu, and Kunming)?

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Deng's other asset was unparalleled experience, encompassing not only the Long March but (more relevantly) the suppression of the "rightists" in 1957 after too many intellectuals had taken Mao at his word a couple of years earlier when he had launched the potent slogan, "Let one hundred flowers bloom, one hundred schools of thought contend." There had been local revolts in Shensi, Kwangtung, and Chekiang provinces, and student riots when so many teachers had been purged that no classes were being taught.

As secretary general of the Party's Central Committee, Deng was put in charge of the repression. On September 23, 1957, he announced that the campaign against the rightists was complete. Only three students were executed, but there were other ways of forcing conformity, such as parading luckless professors through the streets in dunce caps. (Deng's turn for public frog-marching would come ten years later.)

One would give a lot to know what thoughts coursed through President Gorbachev's mind as the massed students in Tiananmen Square forced his Chinese hosts to change the program that had been arranged for his "historic" visit. Smug superiority? Apprehension (my turn next)?

In the grand crisis of Communism, now upon us, Gorbachev and Deng have been making antithetical errors. Gorbachev has tolerated an unprecedented freedom of information and criticism, but failed to move the economy, even marginally. The intellectuals have been wallowing in the freedom, while the masses stand in line on the way to empty shelves.

Deng made the opposite error. He freed agriculture and created special economic zones, encouraging both foreign investment and (within limits) local capitalism. But the Leninist in him couldn't bear the challenge of free debate. He clamped down on the students who had plastered their views on "Democracy Wall," now defunct. He felled Hu Yaobang and is clamping down on the students, yet again.

Neither of these major variants of the Leninist state can afford the luxury of conceding that economic and political freedom go together. Marxism constrains their thought patterns. "Capitalism," Marx's designated target for destruction, is merely the economic expression of elective democracy; and vice versa.

One thing the Soviet Union and People's China do have in common, however, is corruption. Its prevalence in the USSR gave Gorbachev his excuse for repressing Brezhnev's mafia and putting his own nominees in key positions. In Deng's China, this has not been an option, for corruption has become endemic under Deng. Indeed, that is why, above all else, the students took to the streets and to Tiananmen Square.

If rumors are to be believed (and the students clearly did believe them), the corrupt include Deng's crippled son, and the sons of Zhao Ziyang and Li Peng. To say that these circumstances inhibited remedial measures by the Chinese is one way of putting it.

One of the worst aspects of the Communist autocracy is that, being self-perpetuating and self-justifying, it stifles competitive leadership, except within the system. Today's "anti-Party element" is tomorrow's leader (as happened to Deng). But the Party is always right, no matter who runs it.

There being no independent opposition, there are no alternative leaders. This is as true of the Soviet Union as of the People's Republic. Indeed the initial maneuver to exclude the popular Boris Yeltsin from the new parliament, despite (or rather because of) his huge electoral majority, demonstrates, if anybody still doubted it, that Gorbachev is not about to turn Russia into a democracy.

Yet the surge of freedom cannot be ignored, and if crushed will rise again. China's Sakharov, the astrophysicist Fang Lizhi, told a journalist two years ago that Marxism was wrong and obsolete, and called for democratization. "A democracy that comes from above is no democracy," he declared. And he forecast a heavy but unavoidable fight.

Quoting Fang in a recent Heritage Foundation publication, *Promoting Democracy in China*, Steven W. Mosher called on the United States to strengthen Voice of America's broadcasts to China (which have an enormous audience, estimated at sixty million), and for a tougher stand on human rights.

In the end, though, the Chinese people will have to do it themselves (with the Chinese of Taiwan and Hong Kong spurring them on). They so nearly did it in Tiananmen Square. □

A DUMA BY ANY OTHER NAME

MARTIN SIEFF

DEFEAT AND HUMILIATION in a major Asian war; nationalist and liberal unrest flaring across the entire Russian empire; the rulers of the empire shackled by a ramshackle, centuries-old ideology that had failed to keep up with the new technologies looking ahead to the new century—Russia 1989 is Russia 1905.

"I do not rule Russia, ten thousand clerks do," Czar Nicholas II said. That hasn't changed either. It was to outflank those clerks in the Communist Party and the government bureaucracies that President Mikhail Gorbachev has tried to shift power to a new 540-member Supreme Soviet that will act as virtually a full-time parliament.

As with the Duma, initial elections to the Congress of People's Deputies were carried out by cumbersome procedures reminiscent of British democracy before the 1832 reform bill, or of the American electoral system in the first forty years of the Republic, before it was democratized in the late 1820s by Andrew Jackson.

As America's Founding Fathers knew so well, good intentions are helpless without permanent political structures through which to express them. In the long run, a million protesting workers and students in China's Tiananmen Square only served to topple a liberal leader like Zhao Ziyang, and pave the way for a reactionary like Li Peng to turn the clock back. A million people cannot turn out in Peking every day for six months. They have to get tired sometime. They have no political structure through which their political desires can be transmuted into law.

Mr. Sieff is deputy foreign editor of the Washington Times.

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By contrast, the organs of the state—the army, political police, and government bureaucracy—remain in existence. All they have to do is wait for the brief, fierce tides of protest to wash back in exhaustion. They will still be there, ready to impose themselves on a new generation.

In the Duma, Imperial Russia's sensitive, decent, and well-meaning liberal intellectuals and businessmen thought they were building just such a political structure, to transform the great empire into a democratic, Westernized constitutional monarchy. Fat chance. The bureaucracy wouldn't have it; Czar Nicholas II—a uniquely stubborn and stupid individual—wouldn't have it; and most of all the Okhrana (the KGB of the time) wouldn't have it.

Already, plans to geld the new Supreme Soviet are far advanced. The real troublemakers—former Moscow Party boss Boris Yeltsin and dissident-in-chief Andrei Sakharov—were voted down by the old Party hands packing the 2,250-member Congress of People's Deputies.

Sakharov reminds one of those solemn, decent, frock-coated liberal deputies in the Czar's Duma: all good intentions, solemn warnings, and ineffectual handwringings—Polonius come to the Kremlin. But the fiery, cheerful, crowd-pulling Yeltsin, backed by the awakening power of Russian public opinion, suggests a more archaic figure yet—John Wilkes—elected to the House of Commons from the City of London time after time in the rowdy 1760s, yet forbidden to take his seat by the already antique Gorbachevian political procedures of the time.

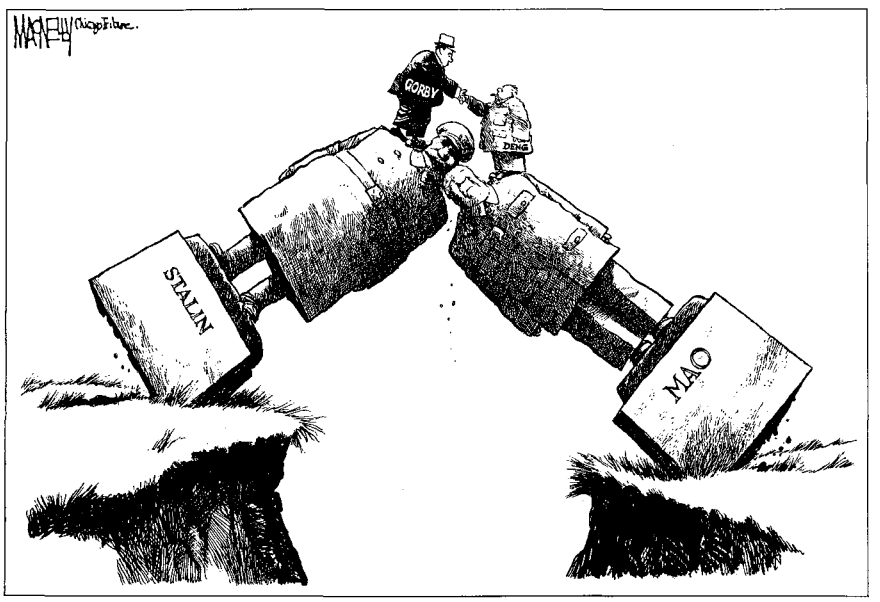
Wilkes had to wait almost a decade before King George III bowed to the eighteenth-century equivalent of 100,000 protesting Muscovites, or a million students in Tiananmen Square, but Gorbachev found a place for Yeltsin after only a week. By showing such flexibility, Gorbachev is proving himself a fast learner. Yeltsin can now serve as his mad dog, ready to leap on Yegor Ligachev or other troublesome conservatives at the drop of a hat. ("Bite, Boris, bite!") As the Duke of Newcastle knew, every Whig magnate can use a good rabblerouser on his payroll. A survey of Soviet media coverage through May suggests this is just what Gorbachev had in mind. Yeltsin has had no trouble appearing on television to comment on the issues of the day. Sitting in an armchair with booklined cases behind him, he has a media exposure Henry Kissinger would envy. Surely, with such a man safely seated in the new parliament at Gorbachev's right hand, the achievement of enduring political reform must be just around the corner. Keep dreaming.

Political reform seemed just around the corner in the England of the 1760s. William Pitt the Elder, victor of the Seven Years' War, was all for it, and he enjoyed far more prestige than Gorbachev ever has. Nor did Wilkes and his friends have to face the organs of state security—Georgian England hardly even had a standing army. Yet political reform did not come for another sixty years, and the beginnings of social legislation waited another forty years after that. And this in the land of Magna Carta and John Hampden! What hope, then, for the heirs of Lenin, Stalin, and—before them—425 years of czarist autocrats?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN reportedly said that he would like God on his side in the Civil War, but he had to have Kentucky. Western journalists and pundits have repeatedly assured John Wilkes Yeltsin and Polonius Sakharov that the spirits of Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and Alexander Hamilton are all on their side. This may be very nice to hear, but no doubt they would prefer a couple of serving Red Army marshals.

The Red Army commanders are not in favor of the new Duma—sorry, Supreme Soviet. Their role is more analogous to General Hans von Seeckt, commander of the Wehrmacht during the troubled years of Germany's Weimar Republic—forced to tolerate a dangerous liberal expedient they have no love for. Yet the government is forced to rely on their bayonets—and sharp-edged shovels, used to kill the Georgian demonstrators in Tbilisi—to retain even the illusion of power.

Apart from the army, the government bureaucracy and the old-guard Party apparatchiks remain in the wings, ready to smother, sabotage, and render harmless any mischief the gelded body may still get up to. And behind all remain our old friends, the organs of state security. As Communist ideology, and the Communist Party itself, have withered away in the Soviet Union, these bodies have not.



Vladimir Bukovsky wryly noted in London recently that if the British security services employed over 100,000 full-time agents, plus innumerable informers, all the ancient laws and liberties of Britain could still be on the books, but Britain would no longer be a free society. Until the Soviet organs of state security are disbanded, he warned, every change will be fundamentally cosmetic and reversible.

Do not expect the chairman of the KGB, the senior generals of the general staff, or Politburo members Yegor Ligachev and Viktor Chebrikov to recant their lifetimes of error and become zealous apostles of the Gospel According to James Madison. Expect the lion to lie down with the lamb first. We still live in a world where lions eat lambs—and KGB chiefs and marshals of the Soviet Union eat Dumas for breakfast. □

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A WORD FOR THE VICTIMS

Opponents of the death penalty have many reasons for their opposition—
that innocent people may be executed;
that the death penalty is 'uncivilized'; that the state should not take lives.
But what these arguments come down to is:

SO WHAT IF THE DEATH PENALTY DETERS?

STEVEN GOLDBERG

DOES THE THREAT of the death penalty deter people from murderous behavior more than the threat of imprisonment for life? We do not yet know with anything even approaching certainty whether the death penalty does or does not deter. The question is clearly empirical; and it is likely that sophisticated statistical techniques will eventually permit us an answer.

Professor Isaac Ehrlich and his colleagues, utilizing his statistical techniques, argue that there can be little doubt about the ability of the death penalty to deter. Ehrlich concludes that each additional execution prevents about seven or eight people from committing murder. All statistical arguments on the death penalty are, however, excruciatingly complex. Some critics, for example, have argued that increased likelihood of execution leads juries to convict fewer people, thereby offsetting the deterrent effect. If anything, the empirical evidence is that the death penalty *does* deter. But this is inevitably open to dispute. As a result, firm conclusions that the death penalty either does or does not deter are unwarranted and usually determined by one's psychological and moral leanings.

In academic and media circles, psychological and moral resistance to the idea of the death penalty usually leads to the assertion that it does not deter. These people's conclusion may or may not be correct, but it does not follow from the arguments they deploy:

1. *Since many murders result from emotional impulse (e.g., the angry husband who kills his wife), the death penalty could have, at best, only the slightest deterrent effect. If* the death penalty deters, it is likely that it does so through society's saying that certain acts are so unacceptable that society will kill someone who commits them. The individual internalizes the association of the act and the penalty throughout his life, constantly increasing his resistance to committing the act. Note that there is no implication here that the potential murderer consciously weighs the alternatives and decides that the crime is worth life in prison, but not death. No serious theory of deterrence claims that such rational calculation of punishment (as opposed to no rational calculation, or calculation only of the probability of getting caught) plays a role.

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There is no *a priori* reason for assuming that this process is less relevant to emotional acts than rational acts; most husbands, when angry, slam doors, shout, or sulk. Neither the death penalty nor anything else deterred the husband who did murder his wife, *so the question is not what deterred the person who did murder (nothing did), but what deterred the person who didn't.* If the death penalty deters, it is, in all likelihood, primarily because it instills a psychological resistance to the act, not because it offers a rational argument against committing the act at the time that the decision is being made. In short, it is only *legislators* who calculate (or at least *should* calculate) the deterrent effect of the death penalty. Potential murderers simply act; the deterrent effect of the death penalty, if there is one, acts upon them. If it acts with sufficient strength, it prevents their becoming murderers. The legislator is the physicist studying the forces that move particles; the potential murderers are the moving particles.

2. *There is no evidence that the death penalty deters.* This is simply untrue. Ehrlich's complex statistical techniques establish a real case that the death penalty deters. But here let us assume, for argument's sake, that there was no such evidence. The more important point is that there is a crucial difference between there being *no evidence* that two things are correlated and there being evidence that two things *are not* correlated. The latter means that we have good evidence that the two things are not related; the former means simply that we have no evidence on either side of the case.

Now, it is quite true that we must have some sort of evidence in order to even entertain the idea that two things are related. Our reason for not believing that tall Italian men are smarter than short Italian men is not simply that we have no direct evidence, but also because we have no informal evidence suggesting that this is true—and so we do not bother to even investigate the possibility. It is the lack of relevant informal evidence that permits us to ignore the difference between not having evidence that the hypothesis is true and having evidence that the hypothesis is not true.

But, in the case of penalties, we have an enormous amount of both informal and formal evidence—from everyday experience of socializing children and limiting adult behavior and from such "experiments" as increasing the

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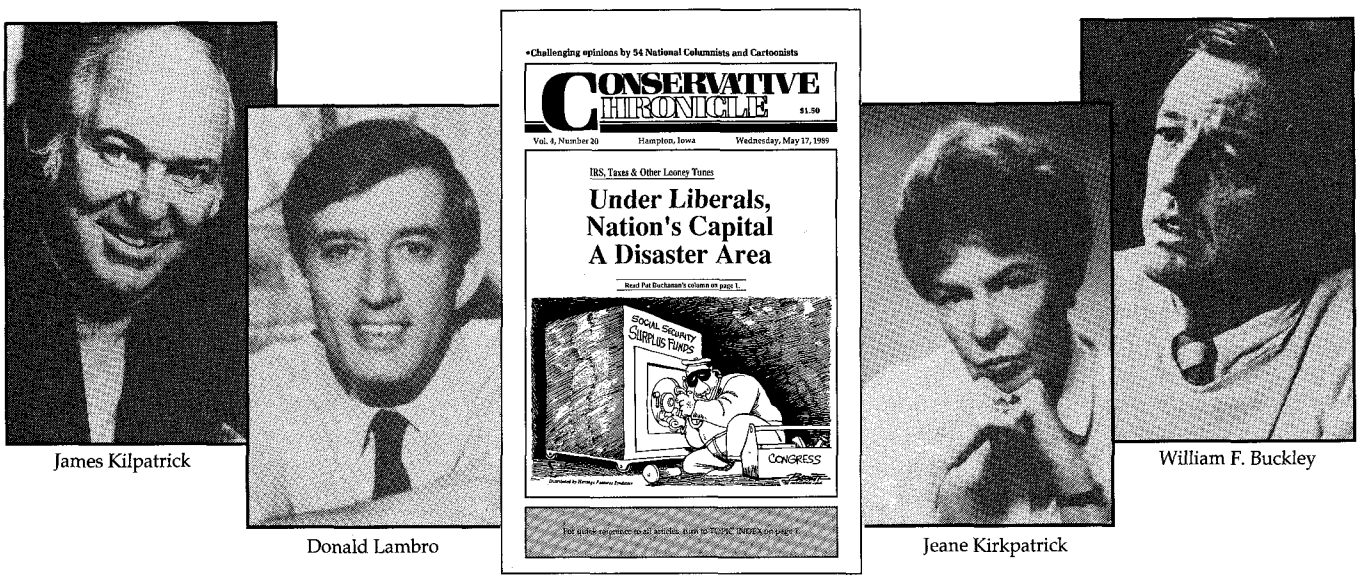
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fees for parking violations—that, as a general rule, the greater a punishment, the fewer people will behave in the punished way. Thus, it is perfectly reasonable to expect that the death penalty would have a more dissuasive effect than would life imprisonment.

FINALLY, NEARLY EVERY popular article and a good many academic articles invoke the experience of the British with public hanging of pickpockets as proof that the death penalty does not deter. The argument sees the fact that pickpocketing continued long after the introduction of (public) hanging as demonstrating that the death penalty has no deterrent effect. It demonstrates no such thing, of course; at best, it demonstrates that not *every* pickpocket was dissuaded, a fact no one would doubt. Even if it could be shown that all practicing pickpockets continued to pick pockets at the same rate, this would still not address the more important question of whether some people who had not yet become pickpockets were dissuaded from doing so by the death penalty. I have no idea whether they were, but neither do those who deny the death penalty's effect.

3. *The death penalty will inevitably be imposed on some innocent people.* This is, of course, true. But it is also true that, *if* the death penalty deters, the number of innocent people whose lives are saved will, in all likelihood, dwarf the number of people executed—and *a fortiori*, the number wrongfully executed. Moreover, even the opponent of the death penalty who emphasizes wrongful executions is willing to sacrifice thousands of lives each year for the social advantages of motor vehicles. Realizing this, the opponent differentiates between the death penalty and the use of motor vehicles on the grounds that:

4. *In the case of the death penalty, it is the state that takes a life.* This seems to be an argument but is, in fact, merely a restatement of the basic ad-hoc moral objection to the death penalty. Therefore, it is fair to point out that those basing their opposition to the death penalty on the fact that it is the state that takes a life are, *if* the death penalty deters, maintaining their belief by sacrificing the (innocent) people who will be murdered because the death penalty is not invoked.

5. *The death penalty exchanges "real lives" (those of the executed) for "statistical lives" (those of the people who will not, if the death penalty deters and is invoked, be murdered).* This argument is essentially a sentimental shrinking from reality. But even if one grants this dubious distinction, this defense is available only to the pure pacifist. The most justified military action makes exactly this exchange when it sacrifices many of society's young men in order to avoid a greater loss of life.

6. *If we do not know whether the death penalty deters, we should not use it.* As we have seen, *if* the death penalty deters, it deters the murder of people who are, in addition to being innocent, in all likelihood more numerous than the murderers who are executed. Thus, if society *does* invoke the death penalty on the assumption that the death penalty deters and is incorrect in this assumption, it unnecessarily accepts the deaths of a relatively small number of (nearly always guilty) individuals. On the other hand, if society refuses to invoke the death penalty on the assumption that the death penalty does *not* deter and is incorrect in *this* assumption, then it unnecessarily accepts the deaths of a relatively large number of innocent people. Consideration of this casts doubt on the intuitively plausible claim that, for as long as it is not known whether the death penalty deters, it should not be used. Supporters of the death penalty might turn this argument on its head, *viz.*: if we do not know for certain that the death penalty does *not* deter, then we are obliged to use it to save an unknown number of innocent lives.

7. *The death penalty is "uncivilized."* If the death penalty deters, then, by definition, it results in a society in which there are fewer murders than there would be if the death penalty were not invoked. The opponent of the death penalty can, of course, render this fact irrelevant and immunize his argument by detaching it from deterrence altogether; he can assert that the death penalty is wrong *even if it deters.* He can, in other words, see the death penalty as analogous to torture for theft: the threat of torture would no doubt deter some people from theft, but would still be unjustified. This is what is implied in the rejection of the death penalty on the grounds that it is "uncivilized" or that it "increases the climate of violence." Ultimately, these defenses of opposition are as invulnerable to refutation as they are incapable of persuading anyone who does not already accept their assumption that the deterrence of murders would not justify the use of the death penalty.

One might ask, however, what, precisely, are the definitions of "civilization" that see as "more civilized" a society in which *more* (innocent) people are murdered than would be the case if the society did not refuse to use the death penalty. Indeed, one might ask the opponent of the death penalty just how many innocent people he is willing to sacrifice to avoid executing the guilty.

8. *It is those who oppose the death penalty who act out of humane motives.* Motivation is irrelevant to the correctness of an empirical claim. However, since nearly every article on the subject accords to the opponent of the death penalty the right to claim a greater humanity (a right the opponent invokes with alacrity), it is worth noting there are alternative views of the opponent's motivation.

One such view is that the opponent's opposition flows not from feelings of humanity, but from the fact that the opponent can picture the murderer being executed, while he cannot picture the statistical group of innocent people who will be murdered if the death penalty deters but is not employed. The picture of the execution is capable, as the murder of the statistically expected victims is not, of eliciting guilt and fear of aggression with which the opponent cannot deal. He rationalizes his avoidance of these with feelings of humanity which bolster self-esteem and avoid awareness of his true motivation.

It is every bit as reasonable to see this as the opponent's motivation as it is to accept that his opposition flows from his self-proclaimed greater humanity. Like opponents of the death penalty, I too hope that the death penalty does not deter. If this proves to be the case, we will avoid the terrible choice that deterrence forces upon us. Unlike the opponents of the death penalty, however, I do not fool myself into thinking that this hope speaks well of one's character. After all, it is a hope that is willing to sacrifice the possibility of saving innocent people in order to avoid personal psychological pain. This doesn't count as altruism where I come from. □

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IS ORWELL DEAD?

Joseph Sobran

The Politics of Literary Reputation, by John Rodden (Oxford, 478 pp., $27.50)

I HAVE ALWAYS enjoyed reading George Orwell, except for his fiction, especially *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. That book is a great idea, weakly executed, and the popular misunderstanding of it—the assumption that it was a prediction—gave it its popularity. It has sold in the tens of millions, with sales peaking in early 1984 and, Big Brother having failed to materialize, trickling off afterward. (Though one contributor to *Horoscope Magazine* noted respectfully that Orwell's prophetic track record surpassed those of many professional astrologers.)

John Rodden's *The Politics of Literary Reputation: The Making and Claiming of "St. George" Orwell* examines the highbrow department of the Orwell cult, which has had its own fatuities. Intellectuals of diverse persuasions have wrestled bitterly over which side Orwell would be on—which smelly little orthodoxy he would subscribe to—if he were alive today. The parties to these disputes have shown all the acumen of those Victorian readers who used to write letters to Sherlock Holmes, soliciting his assistance.

Mr. Rodden takes it all much too seriously. To make matters worse, he writes sentences that don't suggest he's alive to Orwell's syntactical vigor: "We will return to these conceptual points as we relate the anomalies of Orwell's present-day educational institutionalization and their implications for canon- and reputation-formation to the development of his curricular reputation." I'm quoting out of context, but only because I would spare you reading the context too. Four hundred pages of this stuff is a lot of context.

Anyway, Mr. Rodden informs us that Orwell has been variously celebrated as rebel, common man, prophet, and saint. He provides quotations to back this up, and footnotes to back the quotations up. The book is divided into chapters, the chapters into sections, and one of the sections into subsections. Further details upon request.

It's ironic that a writer as lively as Orwell should be honored with so pedantic a piece of work as this. I have a theory that we owe the enormous volume of sludgy prose in our time to the growth of the public sector, especially the subsidized academy. Freed from commercial pressures, scholars nowadays don't have to worry about being readable.

Orwell did. Though a socialist, he wrote for the market, and he knew how to keep the customer satisfied.

Jimmy Cannon once wrote of Howard Cosell: "His real name is Howard Cohen and he wears a toupee and he says he tells it like it is." Orwell's real name was Eric Blair, but he made a reputation for telling it like it was. You can argue that the persona enabled him to be honest—"the most honest writer of our time," V. S. Pritchett called "Orwell" in 1949, the year before Blair died. Or does it mean anything to call a fiction "honest"?

"Orwell" *is* a fiction. Blair created him as Conan Doyle created Holmes, as Raymond Chandler created Philip Marlowe. He's an attitude, not a real human being, and we enjoy seeing the attitude apply itself to real subjects. The attitude may or may not have been Blair's; it doesn't matter. "Orwell" is still interesting, like Holmes and Marlowe, who also confront mundane realities such as we might encounter, and make them romantic by the sheer power of attitude itself.

Committed to socialism, atheism, and other progressive pieties, Orwell creates complications for himself by (for instance) attacking his fellow socialists, by espousing patriotism, or by offhandedly remarking that he has never been able to dislike Hitler. He brings the attitude of the romantic loner into a new realm, politics, where the party line usually prevails. His commitments don't involve personal loyalties or preclude human spontaneities. His aesthetic and moral reactions are in tension with his principles. He has no investments he can't shed, no shame about his prejudices; let the chips fall where they may. His blunt sentences, graceful without obvious mannerism, deliver casual shocks to the reader's expectations.

"To accept an orthodoxy," he remarks, "is always to inherit unresolved

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contradictions." The passage that follows this observation proceeds to debunk Labour Party orthodoxy for espousing incompatible things: dismantling the British Empire while raising the British worker's living standard.

Nineteen Eighty-Four doesn't prognosticate. It imagines a world in which people have been conditioned to accept naked contradictions—War Is Peace, Freedom Is Slavery, Ignorance Is Strength—because language has been reduced to a tool of power, rendered useless as a medium of critical intelligence. Orwell doesn't present this as a future event on a timetable, but as the concentrated expression of something he sees around him, as described in his most famous essay, "Politics and the English Language." He projects a world in which political power has diminished the sense of irony to the vanishing point: O'Brien triumphantly explains this to Winston Smith, and adds that within a century nobody will even be able to comprehend the explanation. A world without irony is the supreme creation of the master ironist, Orwell, whose deadpan horror Hitchcock might have admired. The book's weakness is that the characters are puppets to begin with, not human enough to be much dehumanized.

"Orwell" himself is a magnetic character. Something about his detachment inspires the kind of hero-worship among intellectuals that the aforementioned detectives inspire in other breeds of readers. He's a tough guy, but at bottom a good guy—"a good man," Lionel Trilling reverently called him. Everyone tries to claim him, as if to invoke his authoritative approval, though it usually means belittling a lot of things he actually says. Orwell—the character, the attitude—never died, but he ceased production when Blair expired, so he can't talk back to his claimants. Mr. Rodden documents all the claims exhaustively, and at least has the good sense not to try to adjudicate them.

Orwell's reputation has had its ups, but no serious downs. The passé controversies he was engaged in become more unreal with time, so that his virtuous posture in itself increasingly seems to put him on the side of the angels, regardless of the specific merits of the cases.

If Blair had lived on (he'd be 86 now), new cases might have gotten Orwell into trouble. As things fell out, Orwell stands frozen on the side of the angels, permanently tantalizing speculation. □

THE CLUE IN McLUHAN

George McCartney

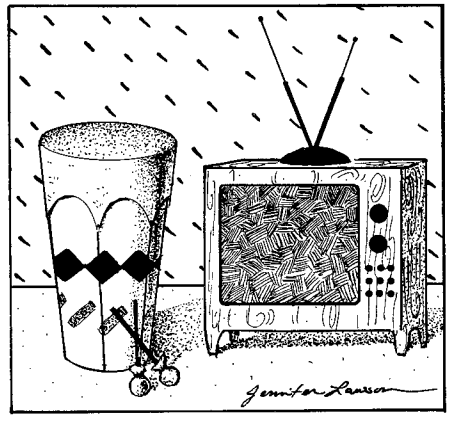
Marshall McLuhan: The Medium and the Messenger, by Philip Marchand (Ticknor & Fields, 320 pp., $19.95)

Letters of Marshall McLuhan, edited by Matie Molinaro, Corinne McLuhan, and William Toye (Oxford, 562 pp., $30)

WHEN THE BIKINI-CLAD Goldie Hawn cooed, "Marshall McLuhan, what are you doin'?" on *Laugh-In* in 1968, there was no longer any doubt. For better *and* for worse, McLuhan had become a celebrity.

How did this Canadian academic achieve his unlikely prominence? Answer: He announced the end of literacy and spoke oracularly of a world transformed into a global village, pulsating with the tom-toms of electronic media. And he seemed to suggest that this would be a prelapsarian idyll the achievement of which required nothing more arduous than watching television, a task made all the easier by cavorting young women such as the giggling, pre-feminist Miss Hawn.

That is what Marshall McLuhan (1911-1980) seemed to be saying in the mid Sixties, but he was never the naïve celebrant of the electronic age he allowed himself to appear, as anyone knows who has taken the trouble to read his two important works, *The Gutenberg Galaxy* and *Understanding Media*. His popular image was largely a fabrication at which, admittedly, he connived. This is made clearer than ever by Philip Marchand's lively yet judicious biography and by Oxford University Press's collection of McLuhan's letters. Here we find a man who was as wary of technology as he was fascinated by it. Although he would become a world-renowned media theorist, he was the last on his block to buy a television. Having done so, he proposed to limit his children's viewing to an hour a week. He once said, "I find most pop culture monstrous and sickening. I study it for my own survival." In 1977 he advised Governor Jerry Brown to ration Californians' TV viewing for their own good. Brown's staff didn't agree. The measure, they demurred, might be a trifle unrealistic.



McLuhan thought of himself as "a stodgy conservative." The apostle of mass electronic communication, who prophesied the obsolescence of the book, confided to FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson that he had prepared himself to analyze media by reading French Symbolist poetry. Not satisfied with secular texts, McLuhan rose daily at five to read the Bible. And to guide him in his explorations of twentieth-century culture, he turned to St. Thomas, finding himself on "the same wave-length" as the angelic doctor.

McLuhan's popular reputation can be blamed on his acquiescence in the public-relations game that grew up around him. Once he began to gain notice, professional PR types moved in for a piece of the action. Since their influence led to well-paid consulting jobs, McLuhan didn't object. He even lent his name to publications to which he contributed little more than some offhand dictation. At first to his bemusement, later to his chagrin, he became part of the popular culture he had set out to criticize.

Marchand puts all this in perspective while reclaiming what is of value in McLuhan's work. Read together with the letters, Marchand's book puts us in touch with the real McLuhan, whose lasting achievement, it turns out, may have more to do with his religious convictions than his debatable theories.

Marshall McLuhan cannot be understood without taking into account his conversion to pre-Vatican II Catholicism, a decision that touched every part of his life. Like many another convert, he did not take his faith lightly. He felt there was nothing untoward about inviting guests to kneel beside their chairs after dinner to say a rosa-

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ BLACKOUT: The rule is: When a former associate of a powerful American politician kisses and tells, it's front-page news. The exception is: When the politician is Jesse Jackson. *The Jackson Phenomenon: The Man, the Power, and the Message* (Doubleday), by Elizabeth Colton, Jackson's former press secretary, portrays the candidate as an egomaniac subject to fits of rage (when frustrated, he'll step on your toes, even punch you in the back), a sexist (female staffers "were fully aware that they were treated as second-class citizens"), and an adulterer (his wife's comment is, "You know what goes on during these campaigns —it's life. But nobody comes into my bedroom"). Though *The Jackson Phenomenon* has been on the shelves for nearly a month, from reading the major papers you would hardly know the book existed. So far it has elicited a yawn from the *New York Times*, which omitted the names of both the book and its publisher and buried the story deep in the business section. The *Washington Post*, located in the city of which Jackson may soon be mayor, has yet to utter a peep.

☐ HEADS OF HAIR: Not so long ago, you could read a novel without ever knowing what its author looked like. That time has passed—especially when it comes to good-looking literary bratpackers. Take John Burnham Schwartz, 23, the entire back cover of whose first novel, *Bicycle Days* (Summit), is filled with a photo that seems to have dropped directly from the pages of this season's J. Crew catalogue—mussed hair, black mock-turtleneck, beach setting, and all.

The latest entry in the young-American-comes-of-age-while-living-in-Japan genre pioneered by Jay McInerney and Brad Leithauser, *Bicycle Days* has won Mr. Schwartz the admiration of literary journalists on both coasts. Among those who have met him, it seems the most memorable thing about the author is—his hair. In her profile for the *Los Angeles Times*, Elizabeth Mehren notes that the "green-eyed and earnest" Mr. Schwartz would "occasionally chase an errant shock of thick brown hair from his forehead." She punctuates his comments on Japan with the report that he has once again "brushed the mischievous hair away." *New York* magazine's Kelli Pryor is equally impressed with "his thick sheaf of hair," not to mention his "intense eyes and open face." ". . . how dashing he looks," writes Miss Pryor, "with his wide-shouldered suit and unflagging smile." Don't get the wrong impression, though. If in interviews Mr. Schwartz sounds like a *Playboy* centerfold ("I'm a positive person, I guess. I really enjoy people. I like to laugh . . ."), Miss Pryor assures us he's not only a novelist, but a philosopher of sorts, too. Lately he's been reading Plato. "Why not?" he says. "I want to find out what fits where."

Unlike Mr. Schwartz, Susan Minot, a senior stateswoman of the bratpack school, wears *her* hair all sorts of different ways—in back, over a shoulder, in a bob, or in bangs. This we learn from the advance publicity package Houghton Mifflin has been sending out in anticipation of her second book, *Lust and Other Stories*. While ordinarily a publicist will provide a single photograph in such a package, Houghton Mifflin has provided no fewer than 12—including one eight-by-ten, one eight-by-six, and a Susan Minot postcard—in which the author can be admired in a variety of poses. Miss Minot's first book, *Monkeys*, was released in 1986 to wide acclaim. Could it be that *Lust*—weighing in at 147 pages of generously spaced ten-point type —is a lesser book, for which, in this way, Houghton Mifflin hopes to compensate?

At a recent gathering upstairs at Books & Company, Miss Minot read her title story, in which the narrator frets over the problems she's had with her boyfriends over the years. Afterward, downstairs by the cash register, I broached the subject with Miss Minot's publicist, Irene Williams. She touched her big glasses. Twelve photographs? "Oh, I wasn't even aware. Were there?" Her assistant, a small woman in black, gave her a look. Miss Williams paused. "Well, people like photographs. The Italians use them even more."

—DAVID KLINGHOFFER

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ry with his family. A daily communicant, he said that the Eucharist was as necessary to him as his daily bread. (McLuhan, like his favorite novelist, James Joyce, took his puns seriously.) Although, in intellectual debate, he was rarely explicit about his faith, it was the cornerstone of all his arguments. To a Jesuit colleague he wrote that Catholics "must confront the secular in its most confident manifestations and, with its own terms and postulates, shock it into awareness of its confusion, its illiteracy, and the terrifying drift of its logic."

The influence of McLuhan's faith was most apparent in his preoccupation with media. He was convinced that we cannot think clearly about our existence until we become aware of how powerfully our modes of communication affect us. Every medium, he argued, from the alphabet to typography to television, exerts a sort of enchantment. We unwittingly accept its conventions, failing to recognize how profoundly they shape our lives. In the modern period, for instance—since the Renaissance and the Reformation —the conventions of print media prevented us from becoming fully aware that we were creating a soulless technocracy that, in his words, threatened the "obliteration of the person." McLuhan's thesis about print literacy is more complex than I can hope to unravel here, but one strand may illustrate the direction of his thought.

McLuhan was convinced that the West had made a Faustian bargain when it adopted the phonetic alphabet. It is, he argued, a notational system that fosters attitudes quite different from those found among peoples using different writing codes. The ideographical alphabets of other civilizations begin with pictures, he observed. Their signs visibly conform to the world they represent. If, as McLuhan was fond of saying, the medium is the message, then the message of the ideogram is that we should deal with the world by adapting to its patterns as we find them, in an attitude of reverent accommodation with nature. The dynamic of the phonetic alphabet, however, is quite different. Using a largely arbitrary code to represent its aural symbols, it puts us at a distance from immediate experience. This results in a language of abstraction, its symbols poised not only to represent but also to manipulate reality. In ideographic writing the symbol for, say, "horse" began by looking like a horse. Such a sign, evolving from an image, will naturally imply respect for the reality it represents. In phonetic writing, however, the process tends to be the reverse, at least in daily practice. Before an animal can be called a horse, it must first satisfy the definition of the word, about which, it must be said, there is nothing inherently horsey. As a consequence, in the West we became accustomed to having nature fit itself to our symbolic constructions, a very useful attitude if you want to extend your technological grasp on the world. The danger, however, is that it also leads to humanistic pride. We come to think of ourselves and our symbols as the sole measure of reality.

McLuhan reasoned that, for all its

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manifest achievements, phonetic literacy needed a corrective, and television might provide it. Although he loathed most of its content, he thought the medium might have the benefit of bringing us literally to our senses. His argument is more than a little ingenious. Television's low-definition image, he pointed out, requires the viewer's sensory participation to complete its pictures. We don't just watch television, he argued, we get in touch with it. Of course, he didn't think television would replace literacy, but it might awaken us from the spell of typographic abstraction, helping to close the alienating distance between sign and referent, the individual and reality.

Today, fashionable philosophers label as logocentric anyone naïve enough to believe there's a meaningful reality behind man-made symbolic constructions. Perhaps it is just on this head that McLuhan most deserves our reconsideration. He offers a passionately logocentric response to the gnostics and nihilists who now prattle about deconstructing texts for ontological significance. McLuhan believed that in the beginning was the Word, and that the Word became flesh, which is to say that the original sign and its referent were one and the same. We can see why he thought his theories were, as he put it, "Thomistic to the core." Following Aquinas's analogical reasoning, he concluded that the sound of any word reverberates with the first creative utterance and potentially contributes to the realization of God's continuing presence in His world. This is why McLuhan was drawn to the sacraments, especially the Eucharist. For him the doctrine of transubstantiation made perfect sense. It is the archetype for all symbols. As the bread and wine become the body and blood of Christ, so on a lesser level all our representational systems from the alphabet to video's electron grid can put us directly in touch with the object behind the sign and, thereby, proximately in touch with the Real Presence that stands behind this world, guaranteeing that however "monstrous and sickening" it may sometimes appear, it is nevertheless worthy of redemption.

What was McLuhan doin'? Well, Goldie, it may sound strange in the era of *Dallas*, *Dynasty*, Downey, and Donahue, but he was trying to save us from what could become the terminal vulgarity of our popular culture. □

SMILEY FACE WITH DREADLOCKS

J. O. Tate

The Temple of My Familiar, by Alice Walker (Harcourt Brace, 419 pp., $19.95)

ALICE WALKER has called her latest enterprise "a romance of the last 500,000 years," which turn out to have been about 499,999 years and fifty weeks too many for me. I didn't go for the "romance" part much either, maybe because a few days with Alice Walker seem like five hundred millennia with anyone else.

There's more wrong with *The Temple of My Familiar* than my allotted space —or indeed a whole issue of this journal—will allow me to record, but I think I can cite a few flaws, the first being its author's ineptitude. She has a lot of trouble with basics; or, as a severe judgment would put it, she can't write. One form of that incapacity is what we might call the laminated-menu device, familiar from restaurants that poeticize the prosaic by piling up cheap adjectives. Instead of "salad" or even "green salad," we find "crispy green tossed garden salad." This is one of Alice Walker's favorite (and few) formulae. After some pages, the repetition gets brutal, and the reader may start to feel like a political prisoner being tortured systematically: "fat, perspiring woman," "weak-limbed old man," "ignorant tourist dollar," "shabby, poorly lighted flat," "calm detached concentration," "a bright red apple," "her shockingly young-looking, vulnerable, inexperienced, terrified, and pale-as-ashes mother"—all in the first 26 pages. Miss Walker is greatly committed to the laminated-menu technique; her novel ends with a double example, the last phrase being "a very gay, elegant, and shining red high-heeled slipper," which may be received by a finally grateful reader as the *coup de grâce*.

To take a different tack, I was at first incredulous upon beholding utterances such as " 'To ask your understanding and forgiveness seems corniness personified,' " which would have remained dreadful even as a personal appeal from the author. A similarly bungled statement—"Though she had had sex, it had been brief"—seems so completely lacking in euphony, grace, and intensity as to inspire a similar but superior formulation: *Though he had read many bad novels, they had all been better than this one.* But after all, what isn't better than this?

> She listened to the music and sometimes she cried. Sometimes, crying, she lay back on her pink bed, her hand between her legs. There was a piece of music, especially, in his last album that moved her to her knees. She knew he had written it while thinking of her. She could come just listening to it.

Alice Walker's hot stuff is not likely to tempt you to jump into her Jacuzzi. The following sums up as well as any other passage the vision of the novel:

> Fanny thinks of the years during which her sexuality was dead to her. How, once she began to understand men's oppression of women, and to let herself feel it in her own life, she ceased to be aroused by men. . . . And then, the women in her consciousness-raising group had taught her how to masturbate. Suddenly she'd found her self free. Sexually free, for the first time in her life. At the same time, she was learning to meditate, and was throwing off the last clinging vestiges of organized religion. She was soon meditating and masturbating and finding herself dissolved in the cosmic All. Delicious.

We must add that in the orgasmic world of *The Temple of My Familiar*, the earth isn't the only thing that moves—the fruit stand does also. We keep circling back to fruitarian ecstasies ("A banana drove her wild"), following a strand that connects the primordial with the trendy, and ancient Africa with contemporary California. But this absurdity is only a minor one.

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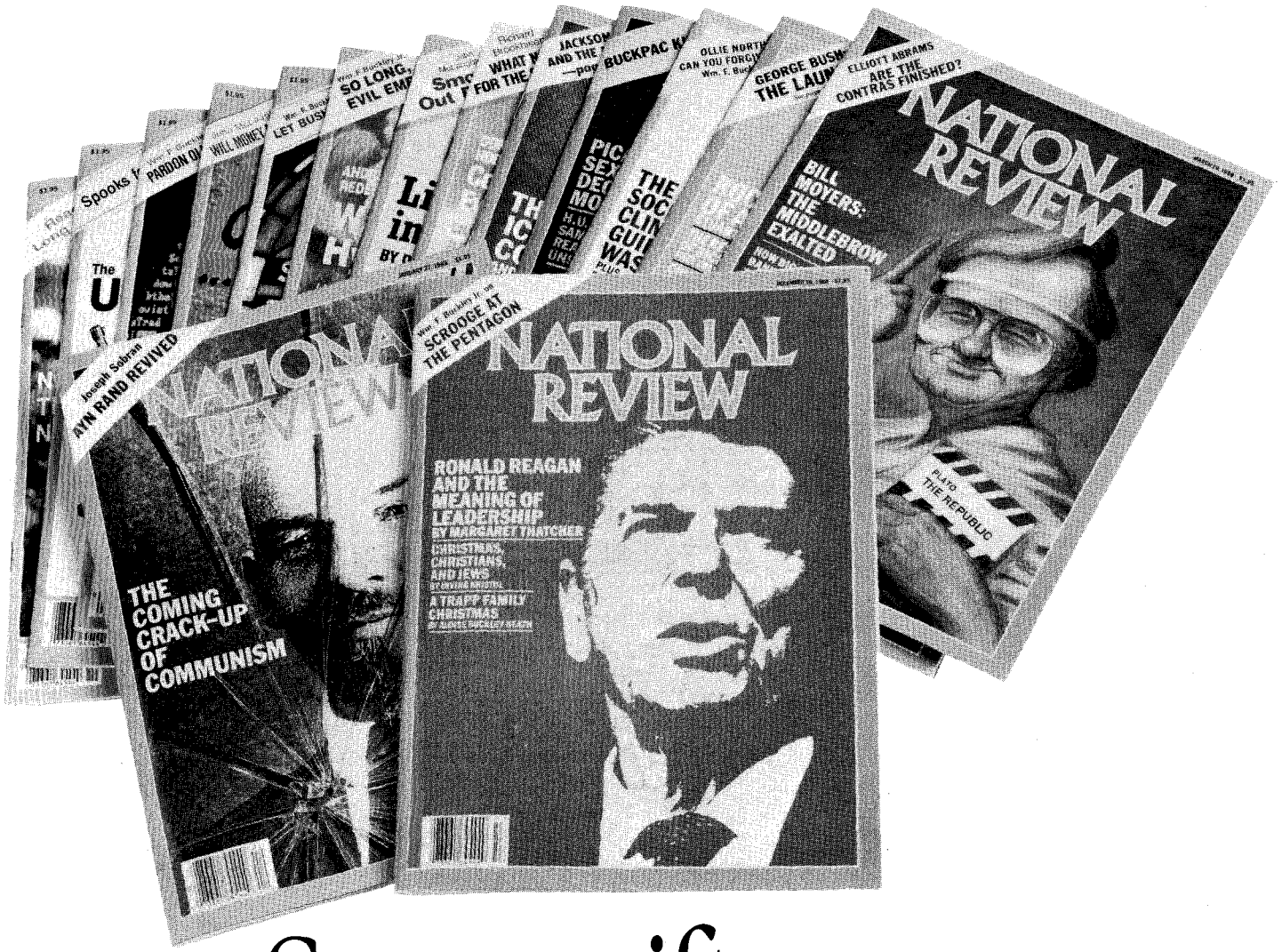

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A larger, fatal failure of articulation extends to the heart of the book, its "voices": interrelated narratives that are supposed to transcend time and place. These voices are not connected or supported by the requisite authorial force; and in this regard, Alice Walker's tenses and syntax too often approach those of a Dick and Jane reader: "The rock star Arveyda saw all of this. He also saw the cape. He put it on." "Now Suwelo was on the train going back home to California. He crossed the Rockies and he crossed the desert." "His eyes spoke. My womb leaped. Don't laugh! Though expressed in the language of imbeciles, this is the way it was!"

Now to compose "a romance of the last 500,000 years," all of the eloquence, the rhetoric, and the verbal inflections of Dante, Milton, and Joyce would have been required. But Miss Walker has transcended more conventions than those of time and place—she has hurdled the conventional demands for technical competence and architectonic ability as well.

So the voices float, untethered by coherence yet related by one overriding continuity: they all speak with the voice of Alice Walker. The voices are only trivially differentiated, and soon converge as a choir of "ideas" Miss Walker has also broadcast in nonfictional forays. The voices don't represent "characters"—they are instead megaphones for Alice Walker's political fantasies, nutritional obsessions, racial theories, ethnic presumptions, feminist heresies, and intimations of personal divinity.

Miss Walker's *Living by the Word: Selected Writings 1973-87* manifests the sensibility that failed to make of her subsequent novel any work of art. There the epigraph from Daniel Ortega ("The victory belongs to love") seems the necessary prelude to all the rest, though Miss Walker's longueurs on poverty do rather clash with all the recent crowing about the $2-million advance for the paperback rights to *The Temple of My Familiar*. Even so, in her public pronouncements Miss Walker anticipated some of the obscurities of her novel. Anyone puzzled by fictional episodes claiming metempsychotic memories of living with apes and pygmies, synchronous menstrual periods in a primordial matriarchy, the joys of fruit in a vegetarian Eden, etc. may be relieved to know that much of what seems ludicrous in the novel has a way of registering in the author's life. As she has said, "There is no doubt in my mind that I am blessed." Ancestors in dreams "comment supportively" on her work. She communes with trees. She intuits the feelings of animals. She is deeply moved by natural beauty.

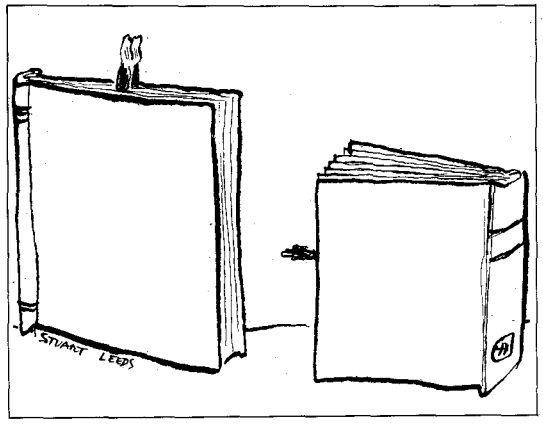
But in that peaceable kingdom we may notice another pattern that doesn't jibe with all the Jonathan Livingston Seagull Gets Stuck on the Tar Baby stuff. We might question the vaunted arrival of the "new age of heightened global consciousness" that she heralds or personifies when we read so often about the intrusions of "white males," "wealthy white women," "white people," "the white Southern-looking and Southern-sounding officer," "Wasichus, Conquistadors, and Afrikaners," "white-directed movies about the Indians," "a mechanical-sounding male voice," "the phallic Washington Monument," and so on *ad infinitum et nauseam*.

Alice Walker's books—I neglected to mention her negligible poetry, but she is probably the worst poet in the history of the English language—are so bad that I have to wonder whether anyone actual *reads* them, scanning the words and turning the pages attentively. Her works are items in the realm of public relations, advertising, and financial speculation rather than "books" as we commonly use the word. Her works are fetishes of guilt, emblems of solidarity, bumper stickers blaring virtue, lapel pins proclaiming ideological correctness. They are more to be displayed than considered. Alice Walker has allowed that she has come to think of her work as prayer. I have come to think of it as something else.

On the other hand, Miss Walker's swollen narcissism might more charitably be accounted for. As she tells it in her essay, "Am I Blue?" someone else is to blame, as usual:

> When I was a child, I used to ride horses, and was especially friendly to one named Nan until the day I was riding and my brother deliberately spooked her and I was thrown, head first, against the trunk of a tree.

Case closed. Have a nice day. □



MUSIC

DOMESTIC VINTAGE

John Ardoin

IT HAS BEEN in the concert hall that American music has made its mark. And the number three has been a charm. Just think of the mighty Third Symphonies of Copland, Schuman, Bernstein, and Harris! In comparison, our track record in the opera house has been depressing. While there appear to have been no limitations when it comes to instrumental music, opera has tended to remain in the mind of the nation an exotic, foreign entertainment.

Even the best and most enduring American operas had problematic starts. Gershwin had to premier *Porgy and Bess* on Broadway, and it waited fifty years to reach the stage of the Metropolitan Opera. Virgil Thomson's *The Mother of Us All* became a cult work, best seen, when it was seen at all, in small theaters, and Scott Joplin's *Treemonisha* went unsung until the 1970s.

This situation may have existed because of a lack of interest on the part of audiences, but it wasn't for a lack of trying on the part of composers and opera companies. Operas were written by Americans as far back as the 1800s, and the Met, during Giulio Gatti-Casazza's reign, mounted a number of premieres, including Horatio Parker's *Mona*, Howard Hanson's *Merry Mount*, and Deems Taylor's *Peter Ibbetson*.

After World War II, the Ford Foundation tried to stir up interest around the country by underwriting premieres of new stage pieces by Carlisle

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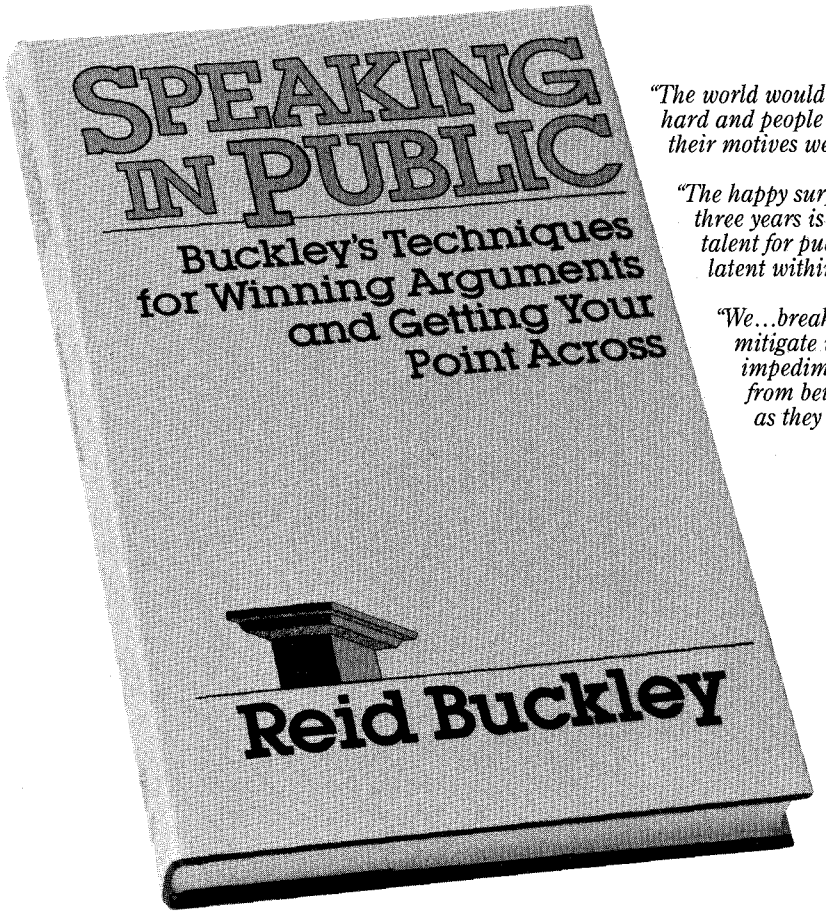

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Floyd, Ned Rorem, Douglas Moore, and Hugo Weisgall, among many others. Even the Met roused itself from a postwar torpor of traditionalism long enough to commission operas from Samuel Barber and David Marvin Levy during Rudolf Bing's stewardship. But none of these managed to take root, largely because they were cases, as opera historian Donald Jay Grout put it, of "old bottles and new wine." We have seemed unable to come up with an American Britten, Henze, or Ginastera, with all the originality and dramatic potency those names imply.

It is on Broadway that Americans have made their major contributions to music theater, from Victor Herbert to Leonard Bernstein, though American opera seems to have been given a shot in the arm in recent years by Philip Glass and John Adams. But despite the expense and time involved in creating an opera only to have it shelved after a few performances, there have been Americans who have doggedly kept their noses to the operatic grindstone, with ever-increasing success.

One of the best is Dominick Argento. Like many Americans who emulated Gian Carlo Menotti's success with *The Medium*, he has produced a number of bread-and-butter chamber operas that have found widespread audiences on college campuses and in modest theaters around the country. But Argento has also attracted attention with such full-length pieces as *Casanova*, premiered in 1985 by the New York City Opera, home to many of the Ford commissions.

To date, Argento has written an even dozen stage works. There have been orchestral and chamber pieces as well, but this Pulitzer Prize-winning composer has come to be regarded as a man of the theater. This month, America takes a fuller measure of his gifts when public television airs nationally *The Aspern Papers*, his latest music drama, commissioned and premiered last November by the Dallas Opera and videotaped by PBS.

Whatever else can and will be said about *The Aspern Papers*, no one can deny that it is operatic, for it is an opera about an opera, and an opera within an opera. Argento used the Henry James novella of the same name as a starting point for telling what became operatically a gothic, Poe-like story involving the lost manuscript of an opera on the subject of Medea. In the James original, Jeffrey Aspern is a renowned poet; in Argento's opera, he is turned into a composer, much as Luchino Visconti did with Gustav von Aschenbach when he came to film Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*. Instead of a disciple searching for the poet's missing papers, the Lodger in Argento's theater piece is in pursuit of a manuscript believed to have been destroyed.

He seeks it in a villa on Lake Como, where Aspern drowned (*à la* Shelley) and where Juliana Bordereau still lives. Now in her eighties, Juliana was once a famous opera singer and Aspern's lover. The Lodger insinuates himself into the household and pays florid attention to Juliana's niece, Tina, who cares for her infirm aunt. The end is no surprise if you know the James original, but Argento supplies a few neat twists of his own, including a pantomime performance of a scene from *Medea*, as the Lodger tells us what he knows of the missing score, and a riveting end in which Tina, having been rejected by the Lodger, slowly burns the manuscript page by page as the curtain falls.

The James novella was written after the author was told the tale of an old woman in Florence who possessed intimate papers belonging to Lord Byron. James set his version of the story in Venice. Argento moved the plot to the shores of Lake Como because of that region's operatic associations. It was there, for instance, that the foremost soprano of the nineteenth century, Giuditta Pasta, lived in retirement.

Pasta was said to have had a romantic liaison with Vincenzo Bellini, who wrote *Norma* and *La Sonnambula* for her, and a setting of the Medea legend by Simon Mayr was one of *la* Pasta's most acclaimed roles. In addition, the impresario Barelli is modeled after Bartolomeo Merelli, the manager of La Scala who gave the young Verdi his first break, and Domenico Barbaia, who launched Rossini and later lost his mistress, the legendary singer Isabella Colbran, to Rossini. So not only does history lurk in the shadows of Argento's libretto, it gave him a chance to mingle within his own style of writing musical forms and posturings of bel-canto Italy.

His adaptation may raise hackles on Jamesians, but as an opera it is tight, good theater presented through a spell-binding score that is under the influence of Britten's *The Turn of the Screw* (another James work appropriated for the lyric stage). The story shifts in time between 1895, when Juliana as an old woman recalls her affair with Aspern, and 1835, when Aspern was busy at work on *Medea*. In the body of the opera, we gradually learn how and why *Medea* came to be written and how and why it was never heard.

Apart from its savvy score, one of the great strengths of *Aspern Papers* is its cleverly wrought libretto, which benefits from lessons learned long ago, notably by Giuseppe Verdi when he came to compose *Otello* and *Falstaff*. Opera has needs and a time scale of its own, and these must be honored above the libretto's source. Argento's primary concern in fashioning the two 55-minute acts of *Aspern* was to supply not an absorbing evening of theater but a convincing continuum of sound—one, however, that reflected the state of mind of his characters.

They play out the drama in narrative, conversational lines that at times seem almost improvisatory, and which take flight when the emotions of the moment demand that they must. This they do honorably because Argento, like Britten, has an almost unerring knack for setting English to music. And though Argento's orchestral score has in places almost the character of a soundtrack and will be thought of as conservative if measured against the work of trendy minimalists or fierce modernists, it has an impressive integrity all its own.

Argento is wonderfully served by the brilliant cast Dallas has provided for *Aspern*. In the role of Juliana is the venerated Swedish soprano Elisabeth Soederstroem, making what was rumored to be her final operatic appearances in the United States. Now in her early sixties, she again proves how consummate an actress a *prima donna* can be, given intelligence, assur-

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ance, curiosity, excellent material, and a creative spark of her own. Soederstroem's performance should win an Emmy; for my money, it demands an Oscar. There are few singers—or even straight actresses—one can watch so closely and with such fascination, thanks to the myriad vocal and theatrical details of her performance.

Seconding her and acting as a perfect foil is Frederica von Stade as Tina. It was the pull of her glowing artistry and expressive voice that led Argento to undertake *Aspern* in the first place. Her realization of the part is deeply affecting as we first encounter Tina as a mousy, grey figure, living out an uneventful life of little purpose, and then watch as she slowly takes on the colors and joy of a woman who dares to hope that love might still be hers.

But then the entire cast is one in which all look and act their parts credibly and sing them with distinction. Richard Stilwell is the Lodger, Katharine Ciesinski is Sonia, Neil Rosenshein is Aspern, and Eric Halfvarson the impresario Barelli. The Dallas Symphony is equally commanding under the flexible, affectionate leadership of the company's artistic director, Nicola Rescigno. Completing the production's impressive credits are the atmospheric sets of John Conklin, the admirable flow of Mark Lamos's stage direction, and the remarkable way Kirk Browning has translated live performance into vivid television.

The telecast amounts to a signal moment in the struggle of the American composer to find his place in the operatic sun. Beyond that, it has much to say about the state of the arts in Dallas these days, as it does about Argento and his well-honed talents as a composer and librettist. □

FILM

SCANTED SCANDAL

John Simon

A COUPLE OF reviewers having already quoted Philip Larkin's verses on the significance of the 1963 Profumo scandal for Britain's sexual mores, I shall have to forgo the pleasures of verse in dealing with the English film *Scandal.*

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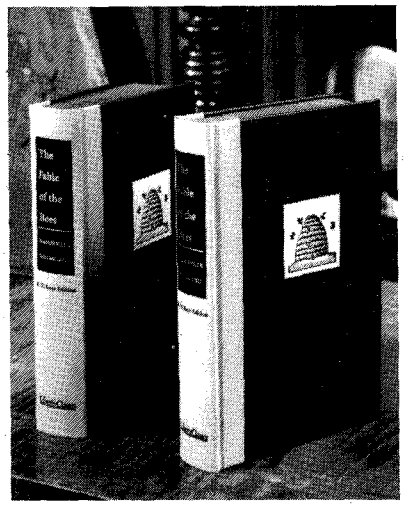

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Too bad, because Larkin's "Annus Mirabilis" is ever so nice. In plain prose, however, the dalliance of John Profumo, the secretary of state for war, with Christine Keeler, an 18-year-old showgirl turned good-time girl, eventually toppled the Macmillan cabinet, and conservatism, in more ways than one, was out. At the storm's not so calm center was, besides Christine, Stephen Ward, the vicar's son and society osteopath, who also acted as unpaid pimp to the nobility. He groomed girls like Christine as "escorts" to the high and mighty, and enjoyed in exchange such privileges as the cottage on the estate of Cliveden, which Lord Astor rented him for a pound a year. It turned out, in the end, to be more like a pound of flesh.

After Christine, out of fear, spite, and greed, spilled the beans—and he himself made matters worse by blabbing—Ward was abandoned by his powerful clients and friends, and was brought to trial as the fall guy; he took his life before the guilty verdict was in. Profumo had to confess not only to adultery but also to lying; he had to resign, and he and his wife, the

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

"FREE TRADE" has been more or less a fetish of the American Right for most of the twentieth century. Nevertheless, in *American Economic Pre-eminence: Goals for the 1990s* (U.S. Industrial Council Educational Foundation, 220 National Press Building, Washington, D.C. 20045; $8.95), Anthony Harrigan and William R. Hawkins—old-fashioned conservatives both—make a persuasive argument for the adoption by the United States of modern mercantilist principles which, they aver, determine the economic policy of nearly every other nation in the world today. They are in agreement with Charles Wilson, the contemporary historian who has written of the period since World War II that the "tendency of international trade [has been] to revert to conditions which in some ways resemble those of the seventeenth century more than those of the nineteenth," and with Robert H. Ballance of Purdue University and Stuart Sinclair of UCLA, who argue that the United States is "the only large affluent country that [still] believes in the sophistry of 'free trade.' "

A major reason for this perceptual lag, the authors claim, is that "conservatives, who are normally the most sensitive to national threats and the most supportive of economic growth, have been paralyzed by the notion that any act of government involving the economy is a sign of socialism." Another is the belief that the U.S. has historically been devoted to the principle of free trade—in fact, the opposite is more nearly the truth. Alexander Hamilton, as the country's first Secretary of the Treasury, explicitly rejected free-trade theory, and "the United States advanced to first place among the industrial powers behind protective tariff walls." Following the Civil War, protectionism was a hallowed tenet of the Republican Party: "Thank God," exclaimed President Theodore Roosevelt, "I am not a free-trader." American economic policy, Roosevelt explained, was based "on certain fixed and definite principles, the most important of [them] . . . an avowed determination to protect the interest of the American producer, be he businessman, wage-worker, or farmer."

Since World War II, economic policy has been regarded in this country as an aspect of domestic rather than of foreign policy, according to a habit of mind that Messrs. Harrigan and Hawkins deplore and that they believe the United States can no longer afford. "The [U.S.]," they explain, "is a market-rational state. Its leaders speak in terms of 'a level playing field' or 'fair trade.' They are not concerned with who wins or loses the global economic 'game,' only that it is played by a certain set of rules. Japan and virtually every other industrial state is plan-rational. Its leaders are very interested in who wins the 'game' and are determined to give their 'team' every advantage, fair or foul. . . . They see [the U.S. attitude] as just another sign of America's naïveté . . . Thus they resort to tariffs, subsidies, cartels, tax breaks, and other devices to strengthen their companies in competition with foreign rivals."

The very notion of "competition" has been played down, and even ridiculed in certain quarters, among them American business interests wishing to profit by sales to America's enemies and Pollyannish intellectuals who rejoice at the coming of the "globalized" world economy. Thus Walter Olson of the Manhattan Institute looks forward to the day when the men in charge of the great international financial institutions will become "men without a country," and George Gilder denounces "nationalistic fetishes." They and other purveyors of the globalist fantasy believe, as Harrigan and Hawkins put it, that "just because a corporation operates in many different countries, its leaders will forget their roots and their basic loyalties." For Gilder, who has written that "there is no more reason for a balance of trade between the U.S. and Japan than between New York and Ohio," national borders are meaningless because they are arbitrary. In truth, the world is still an aggregation of states organized around specific historical memories and cultural identities, nearly all of them at odds with one another. "Thus [we have] an international economy, not a global economy. Any economic theory, no matter how interestingly crafted within itself, will fail if it attempts to assume away the real world or run against it."

In the 1990s, the authors insist, America's leaders must recognize that the U.S. has already paid dearly for "the mistaken views and policies" it has adopted during the past quarter-century, and for these substitute more realistic ones:

> More than forty years ago, U.S. policymakers defined the national interest in terms of a military containment policy. This military emphasis was necessary then and it continues to be necessary today. But the military containment policy has to be supplemented and expanded by a matching economic containment policy. . . . All domestic, foreign, and defense policies, from dealing with the trade deficit to immigration control to limits on wasteful federal spending, have to be considered parts of the national containment policy that safeguards vital American interests.

This important small book suggests how we might begin to think about a very important large task. □

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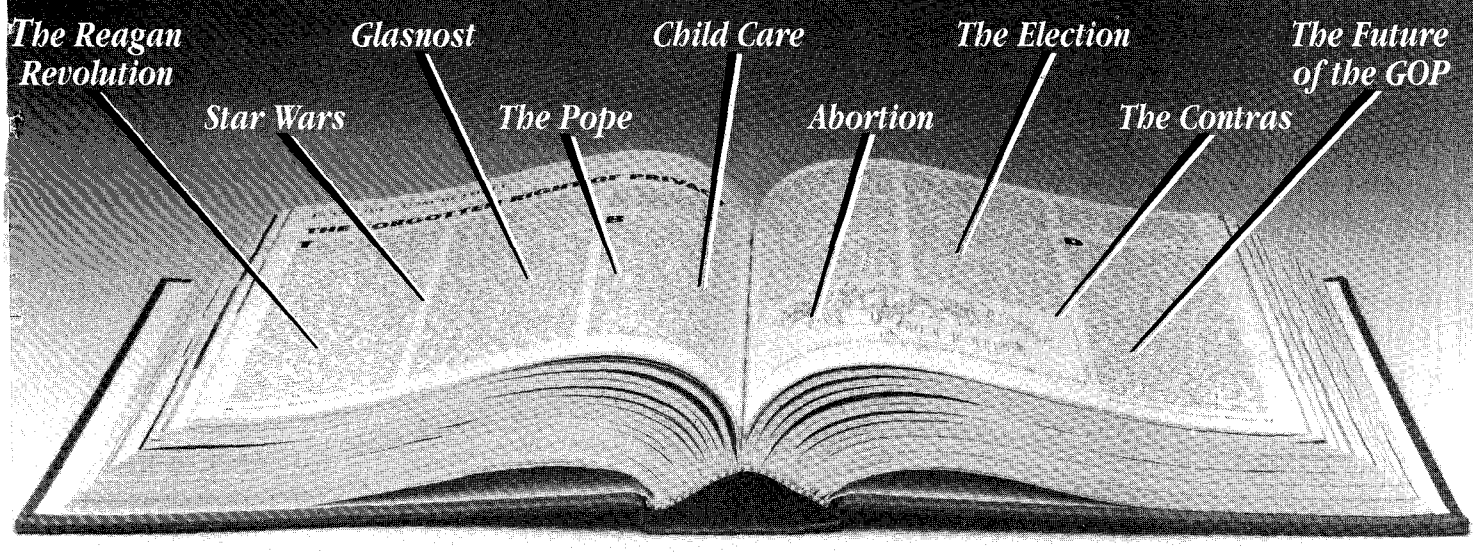

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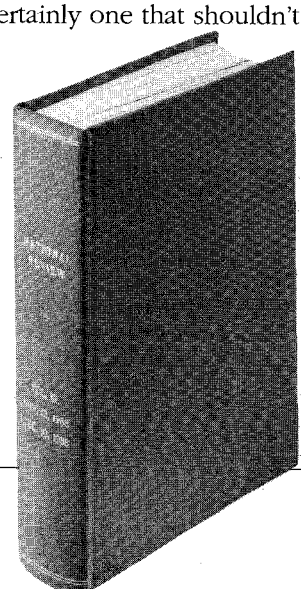

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actress Valerie Hobson, devoted themselves to charitable works, eventually earning him a CBE. Miss Keeler spent nine months in jail for perjury, lost her good looks, and eked out an obscure existence, coming into slight prominence in 1983 with the publication of her autobiography, and now with this film. Her even younger fellow callgirl, Mandy Rice-Davies, was the only one tough and canny enough to emerge unscathed; she went on to a career as a songstress and owner of a chain of night-clubs in Israel.

Clearly there is a cinematic goldmine in all this, but Michael Caton-Jones, the director, and Michael Thomas, the scenarist, have not been able to make much of a movie. Some of the reasons are obvious. Caton-Jones wanted to direct a TV mini-series, allowing scope for details and full development; a feature film was deemed more salable. The result is ferocious foreshortening and severe stinting on character analysis. A bigger handicap was the draconian British libel law, not to mention the filmmakers' intent to make this an attack on the class system and, as far as possible, to whitewash Ward and Miss Keeler. So we do not get the man with the two-way mirror in his living room, for him and others to watch the goings-on in the bedroom; the man who, seldom if at all sleeping with his girls (he lived, at different times, with both Christine and Mandy), nevertheless participated in orgies; the man who derived some latent physical satisfaction from offering his Galateas to men he envied, admired, longed to be. We do not even get the trendy osteopath who treated the likes of Churchill, Averell Harriman, Danny Kaye, and Elizabeth Taylor.

What we do get is the victim of class consciousness. Already at public school, we learn, Ward was caned for an offense everyone knew he had not committed, and though he became a successful healer, drove a white Jaguar, enjoyed hobnobbing with the great for whom he arranged sexual encounters, he never quite arrived. "It is a closed society," we see him explaining to Christine, whom he has just taken under his wing; "you have to be either beautiful or rich." Ward was neither, but by supplying beauty (though never for actual payment), he could barter his way into belonging.

Why was becoming a member of Society so crucial to him? This is one question *Scandal* never really addresses; the other is exactly what happened between him and Christine. All right, there was no sex, we gather, though Christine, it seems, came to want it. Well, why not? Was it Ward's voyeurism or sadomasochism, which bypasses normal fulfillment, or was it latent homosexuality, which requires vicarious means for its satisfaction? The film takes Ward's craving to become part of Society as a given and, except for tenuous hints, does not concern itself with his sexuality. The platonic quasi-romance between the principals is not even as believable as that in John Schlesinger's *Darling*.

We do get some mild orgying with social-climbing and kinky overtones, though here the film ran into censorship troubles in the United States. A rather stylized bit of party sex on top of a piano had to be cut, which is carrying soft-pedaling a mite too far. But an aging, saggy-breasted, bragging hostess and former JFK playmate is still there, unappetizingly embodied by Britt Ekland. So, too, is the likewise naked elderly man (reputed to be a High Court judge) serving drinks and wearing a placard round his neck instructing those unsatisfied with his services to flog him.

Is this what Ward was trying so hard to break into? Either there was much more to it, or else he was even shallower than all but his worst detractors would have had it. No wonder the filmmakers tried to squeeze a specious love story out of these drab events. But Christine, rather unromantically, got involved with a couple of West Indians, lustier and nearer her own age. It is a savage knife fight between those two that really precipitated retroactive revelations; that, and one of them shooting up the front door of Ward's flat, where Christine and Mandy were cowering. In one of the best scenes, a neighbor woman, witnessing the assault, phones Stephen at his office: "Dr. Ward, I thought you should know there's a black man shooting at your front door." Ward replies, "It's very kind of you to call." This believably conveys Ward's gentleness. Not so the unconvincing silent love scene at Ward's trial, where Christine and Stephen exchange mutely adoring glances until he jumps up in a self-damaging outburst, in an effort to spare Miss Keeler more excruciating grilling in the witness box.

But are Christine's other relationships shown any more compellingly? Those with the West Indians, although cursory, have a certain aroma of truth. But the Profumo episodes barely scratch the surface, and those with another simultaneous lover, Eugene Ivanov, the Russian naval attaché (particularly damaging, when revealed, to the Tory government in those spy-ridden times), merely tickle the surface. Profumo, of course, is alive and, having gone from philandering to philanthropy, could easily have sued for libel. As for the Russian, doubtless a KGB spy, why imperil détente for a mere movie? Better concentrate on Profumo's white Rolls-Royce, even more photogenic than Ward's Jaguar. But we miss Ward's pathetic attempts to act as a James Bondish counterspy during the Cuban missile crisis.

Stereotypes are everywhere, not least in the way Christine and Mandy meet cute during a nightclub Indian-maiden number, sparring at first but quickly becoming fast friends. A scene with the supine Christine bored while Profumo is heaving on top of her is straight out of *Klute*. Another sequence, showing Christine and Mandy getting dressed for a night on the town, though effective as it delights in fetishistic closeup as each new garment is wiggled or slithered into, is nevertheless too reminiscent of a similar scene in *Dangerous Liaisons*. In another sequence, at Murray's Cabaret Club, the scantily clad dancers and unclad showgirls are scrutinized by a camera that pans in a tight shot across the chorus line forming backstage; in extreme closeup, you can see strings of saliva in a sensuously opened mouth, like stalactites in a cave. Good, but, for the most part, the film seems to be spelunking without a strong enough flashlight. Its best ideas are minuscule ones, such as the cigarette lighter Ward keeps overeagerly thrusting at people,

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till it looks and sounds like a weapon for social climbing. So, too, that other lighter, from Asprey's, that Christine is given by a lover—so beautiful that it is never shown in closeup: a magic status symbol left to our imagination.

Undistinguished in its writing, the film is better in its casting, even if Joanne Whalley-Kilmer does not make it as Christine. A competent but hardly sexually arousing actress, her face has one good angle, from which the camera deviates at her (and our) peril: from many other angles, she looks almost grotesque. A tiny person, she has nowhere near Christine's body and legs; who would have thought the distance from Keeler to Kilmer so great? And John Hurt, though an outstanding actor, is also a rumpled one, his face like that of a sharpei pup. But Stephen Ward was smooth all over; even the man who stood bail for him (though this doesn't figure in the film) was smoothness itself: Claus Von Bülow. As the film portrays Ward, he is neither handsome nor witty nor polished enough to explain his success with either the ladies or the lords.

The others are fine. Thus Ian McKellen, as a boyishly avid Profumo with that Mohican-like hairline; given, for legal reasons, very few lines, the actor nevertheless creates a part out of looks and gestures. Thus Jeroen Krabbé, despite his Dutch accent, as a lustily vital Ivanov. And thus especially Bridget Fonda (Peter's daughter) as a demurely impudent Mandy exuding youthful irresistibility. Like the real-life Mandy from the scandal, Miss Fonda is the one person who truly profits from the movie *Scandal.* □

THE GIMLET EYE

YUGOSLAVIAN NOTES

D. Keith Mano

YUGOSLAVIA IS Communism with a human face . . . and bad teeth. Yes, and you could stick a lit cigarette between those teeth. ("We smoke cigarette more because we have problem more," our cabdriver in Ljubljana said.) The indoor part of Yugoslavia smells like a 15-hour poker game. Landscape outside is big and raw-boned. Mountain, coastline, plain—it all has the look of an enormous fossil carcass. Big, raw-boned people, too. Take any five Yugoslav men, three at least could play power forward. I like Yugoslavia, but it made me feel short.

My hotel bathroom as synecdoche. Our john in Dubrovnik, like Yugoslavia itself, was Flash Gordon futuristic—which is to say, super-sleek, high-tech, and about half a century out of date. The modish, abstract faucets were so mis-set that pressure above trickle-speed filled my watch fob pocket with water. Our toilet, too, had an antic disposition. The mechanism ran on this ungrippable flipper—and produced tsunamis that wet seat, feet, and tile. Ho, I thought, they forgot to invent the shower curtain: no wonder there's a drain at mid-floor. Wrong. Yugoslavian health law requires shower-curtain overhaul after each guest has left. Fastidious enough, but, for one day, the next occupant is Aquaman in his undersea fortress. Best, though, was a marvelous razor-tooth gadget that cut toilet paper off. Only some six-commissar committee for modernization could have come up with this breakthrough. It bit, ate at, and, most often, avoided the paper entirely. Amid all that future shock someone had put a candle beside my tooth glass in case of power failure.

The dreadful dinar. Our Fodor guide figured 3,200 dinars per dollar as of winter 1988. By April 1989, an American C-note was good for 890,000—which it took three people to count out. Dinars are so big you could add vinaigrette dressing and toss them. But the tourist can cash in on inflation. Breakfast for two—egg, coffee, Coke, bread, jam, tip—ran 55¢. A Slovene journalist told me that about half the commodities in Yugoslavia are kept artificially underpriced. Typical Communist trade-off: things may be lousy, but at least they're cheap. When I gave my dinar stash to the cashier in Split casino he screamed, "No dinar, no dinar," and almost threw up.

Mikki Maus. Inflation or not, food and clothing stores are well-stocked enough to make your average Muscovite weep vodka. And, at a newsstand, I saw that incontestable sign of democratic freedom—hard-core pornography. Also: *Dynasty Magazine*, outrageous British tabloids, Disney stuff, Stephen King, Irving Wallace, and John le Carré. I didn't notice Milovan Djilas, but he may have been on a back shelf. Here and there Yugoslavia could pass for Utah or Nevada. Our cowboy folklore translates well. You can buy a *Benny Blood* western magazine, *Pony Express*, or that classic, *Obracun U Tumstonu.*

Dinner at Steakhouse Domino, Dubrovnik. On our trip only the radiant Hotel Cipriani in Venice provided a more exquisite meal. I take that back. At one-eighth the cost, Domino was a lot *better* than the Cipriani. Domino, our waiter said, is privately owned—as are 30 or 35 per cent of Yugoslav businesses. That percentage, he believed would increase with an economic code enacted in 1988. (To qualify for private status you must have no more than five employees.) He was earning $150 a *month*—$50 over the Dubrovnik average. When asked about Communism, he said, "Marx, Lenin—fill my stomach first, then we'll talk."

The evening walk. A Yugoslav social custom, we were told. Along the

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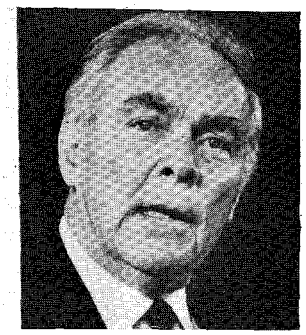

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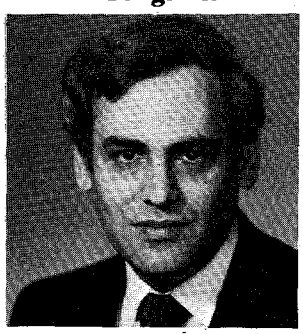

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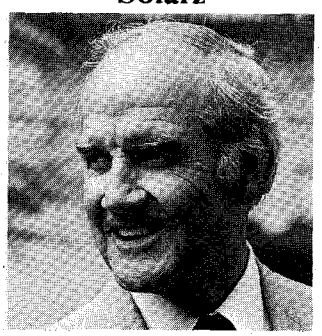

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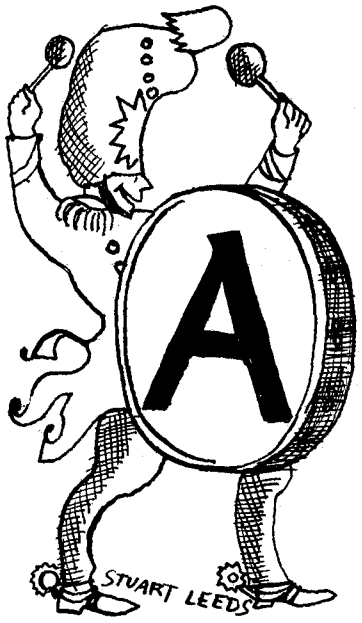

Placa in Dubrovnik, up/down the Titova *obala* in Split, thousands of young men and women stroll—"pace" might be more accurate. Indeed, Yugoslav children today have almost no prospect of worthwhile employment or self-expression. Our journalist friend was leaving for Germany to write about some three million Yugoslavs at work there. Wherever you go in Yugoslavia an atmosphere of sad aimlessness is condensed from the night air.

Bogie and Bacall. Every so often it felt as if Yugoslavia was living out a 1940s black-and-white American movie —*Casablanca* maybe. Chaplin and Bogart and (especially) Marilyn Monroe decorate the Dalmatian coast. You can get Jim Beam and Coke with your cheeseburger. Or chewing tobacco and an ersatz U.S. college T-shirt. Basketball is the national sport. American tourists are honored. When our Renault broke down we had to limit the help given—we didn't have trouble enough for everyone. At this rate by A.D. 2000 Yugoslavia will be more American than, say, Miami.

Over there. That is where the troubles in Kosovo are. You shouldn't fret much about being taken hostage by some Albanian nationalist. Western Yugoslavs refer to the violence and oppression in Kosovo (an autonomous province, whose population is largely of Albanian stock), as once you or I might have referred to racial unrest down South—with vague hand wave, shrug, philosophical (read "dismissive") attitude. Serbs in Yugoslavia are arrogant and powerful. Your ethnic Albanian faction has this historical view of a greater Albania which is, putting it kindly, unrealistic. Hopeless. If Wilsonian self-determination were applied strictly in Yugoslavia there would be no kingdom larger than Greenwich Village. Yugoslavia isn't a nation: it's some form of ethnic and political super-collider.

The real Yugoslavia. We came across it at 5 A.M. in a railroad waiting room near Celji, which may be Serb for Nowhere. Old women with general-issue babushkas and black boots spoke angrily through their uneven sleep. An old man hugged the radiator for comfort. One obese Levantine type began to make coffee on his portable Sterno machine. And, over all, watching, benign, was a photograph of Tito, who is frankly missed.

Envoi. I lie on a rock ledge outside Dubrovnik's city wall. The Adriatic is knocking itself senseless below. An eight-year-old girl—agile, wild—is playing there. I call out precaution to her in English. She turns. She has on a University of Mississippi T-shirt. "No problem," she says, just like my Polish maid in New York. I am reassured. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

America at Century's End, by James Schlesinger (Columbia University Press, 112 pp., $18.95)

THIS IS a wise man, who casts an experienced and perceptive eye over American foreign policy and the challenges it faces. Though breaking no new ground, this book succinctly recapitulates how that policy has been shaped by our geography and our history (". . . a belief in the natural, if not God-given, invulnerability of the United States"), and how closely tied it is to public opinion and domestic politics. Schlesinger believes the American economy is more than vigorous enough to retain America's present position in the world: ". . . there is no reason to look to the future with foreboding." He sees us—rightly—as being so much stronger than Russia that, while we may no longer be "economically a preponderant power," we will continue to increase our standard of living and "it will be difficult [for other countries] to ignore our wishes." Still, I wish to suggest a different likely scenario. When you look to the real indicators of the nation's future economy there is gloomy news. A nation that continues to save little and borrow much, that has allowed its education system to deteriorate dramatically, and that has slipped rapidly from being the world's largest creditor nation with the world's highest productivity growth rate to being the world's largest debtor nation with one of the lowest productivity growth rates in the industrialized world should have a higher sense of urgency than Schlesinger demonstrates. We are at an all-time low in net investment in new plant and equipment. A country's foreign policy—its arm bone—is connected to its economy—its backbone—and I find it hard to be sanguine about the American economy. Metaphorically, America is lined up on the starting line in the Olympic race for the world's highest standard of living. One runner wears only a Japanese flag. On the back of the second runner—our runner—we have heaped two-thirds of all the world's lawyers, the highest health-care costs in the world, the largest number of functional illiterates, the highest rates of drug and alcohol abuse, an increasingly dysfunctional educational system, a work force with decreasing skills and motivation—to mention only a few encumbrances. I suspect Schlesinger has overestimated the strength of America's economy and underestimated the turmoil inherent in a world whose challenges are shifting from East-West to North-South. Only time will tell. RICHARD D. LAMM

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MAO LIVES

NEW YORK, MAY 29

DURING THE FIRST ten days I found myself—waiting. Waiting for the ultimate symbolic act. The television cameras over and over again showed, perched high above Tiananmen Square, the picture of Mao Tse-tung. When would it come down, as the statues of Stalin came down in the Soviet Union? But day after day he was still there, exhibiting a ghostly, ghastly immunity from the great counter-revolution his steely brown eyes gazed down on in his great square, constructed at the expense of relics of a thousand years of Chinese culture, a destruction bemoaned by Simon Leys in his tone poem, *Chinese Shadows*.

Then, on Wednesday, the report was published that three men had defaced the picture, splattering paint on it. But this act had not been done by protesting students. On the contrary, they were outraged by it. Within a matter of hours, a fresh picture of the Great Helmsman was back up there, and students who were representative of the demonstrators went so far as to allege that those who had thrown paint over the face of the great man had been *agents provocateurs*, put up to it by Li Peng, to document the ultimate blasphemy of the demonstrators. Several students were quoted lamenting the deed and praising Mao Tse-tung, who, after all, as one of them put it, "liberated our country."

How unfinished, the thought of these heroic young men and women. Yet it reminds one of the all-but-universal refusal of the Russians to reject Lenin. Gorbachev can criticize Chernenko (he skips Andropov, who was his political godfather) and Brezhnev—and Brezhnev could criticize Khrushchev, who criticized Stalin: but no one will criticize the *fons et origo* of all that poison, Lenin. And it is so, sadly but perhaps understandably, in China.

During his lifetime Mao took in more than gullible Chinese. He took over significant voices of the West. Paul Johnson in his book *Modern Times* refreshes the memory. One Western visitor wrote of Mao's China that it was "a kind of benign monarchy ruled by an emperor-priest who had won the complete devotion of his subjects." Simone de Beauvoir testified that "life in China today is exceptionally pleasant." Another witness said (we are talking about the late Fifties, during the disaster of the Great Leap Forward) that China had become "almost as painstakingly careful about human lives as New Zealand"—human casualties at that point from Mao's Thought Reform period (1951) followed by his Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom period (1956) were estimated by some as high as 15 million people executed, though the figure goes down as low as one to three million. David Rockefeller (yes, *our* David Rockefeller) praised "the sense of national harmony" and argued that Mao's revolution had succeeded "not only in producing more efficient and dedicated administration, but also in fostering high morale and community of purpose."

And so on, *ad*, literally, *nauseam*.

All of this adulation, which reaches even into the demonstrators' square, was for a man at once the total vulgarian and the Brobdingnagian dictator, a kind of King Kong poet. In 1956 Mao, deploring Khrushchev's exposure of the crimes of Stalin, counseled that "every fart has some kind of smell, and we cannot say that all Soviet farts smell sweet." But what distinguishes the true, total tyrant is his self-absorption. Even as Stalin was compared to the rising sun and the aurora borealis, even as, in Germany, Good morning and Good night yielded to Heil Hitler, Mao trained crowds who greeted him to intone the ritual chant, "Boundless life to Chairman Mao." The greatest hell on earth he visited on his country—the Cultural Revolution of 1966-76—combined adulation for Mao and vilification of his (fancied) enemies. "Beat down the capitalist-roaders in power! Beat down the reactionary bourgeois authorities! Sweep away all wicked devils and evil spirits! Do away with the Four Old Things: old thought, old culture, old customs, old habits. The Thought of Mao Tse-tung must rule and transform the spirit, until the power of the spirit transforms matter!"

And orient your devotion to Mao—"the sun of our heart, the root of our life, the source of our strength." "His thought is a compass and spiritual food." He was "like a massive cudgel swung by a golden monkey . . . a brilliant beam of light exposing monsters and goblins . . . the source of all wisdom."

No deliberative human being, even at age twenty, can worship a man who sponsored what Mao sponsored. And this tells us that the brave young people in China, whose historic bravery may change history, have much to learn. Much of crucial importance. □

UPON MY WORD . . .

NEW YORK, MAY 22

AS WE LIVE and breathe, there it was, right on the screen: 300,000 Chinese students begging their government to give them such freedoms as Mikhail Gorbachev has granted to the people of Soviet Russia. To dream at night of . . . waking up in the Soviet Empire, free at last. There is the problem that if you want to leave the Soviet Empire, on the east you have the ice-cold waters off Siberia, and on the west, unless you have a pass that gets you through Checkpoint Charlie, you run into the Berlin Wall, which is protected by a) machine guns, b) grenades, c) land mines, d) spotlights, e) sirens, and f) man-eating dogs.

When I was first in China, in 1972, word had not yet got around that a human being had landed on the moon (three years before). You can hardly expect the Chinese students to know about the decree of April 8, issued over the signature of—their visiting democratic hero, Mikhail Gorbachev. The decree redefines the two catch-all articles of the Soviet constitution under which punishment was meted out to the dozen million Russians who got in the way of Stalin-Khrushchev-Brezhnev-Andropov-Chernenko. The new decree says that any person who calls for the overthrow of the Soviet system or for "its alteration in ways contradicting the USSR constitution" will be sent to prison for three years. The same

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punishment will be used against anyone who manufactures "with intent to distribute . . . materials" arguing for the alteration of the Soviet system in such a manner.

Moreover, anyone who uses "technical equipment" intended for "mass duplication" arguing for such illegal alterations in the Soviet system can get up to seven years. They can call that the Back to Samizdat bill. An example of advocating an illegal alteration of the Soviet system is challenging the role of the Communist Party as "the leading and guiding force of Soviet society." For that, you get three to ten years. And the same decree condemns "incitement of ethnic or racial hostility or strife." That was there before, but the penalty used to be three years, and now it is ten—which is another way of saying, no more talk about a measure of independence for the Soviet republics.

And, finally, the decree specifies up to three years in jail for anyone so wicked as to "insult or discredit" government or public bodies. If Gorbachevism of that kind were visited on modern China, well, that would certainly clear Tiananmen Square.

Gorbachev is something of a modern miracle worker. Marlin Fitzwater, the press secretary to President Bush, more thoughtfully characterized him as a "drugstore cowboy." That is an interesting portraiture, though the imagination strains to recall who are the legendary drugstore cowboys with whom to compare Gorbachev.

BUT COWBOYS are shoot-'em-up types, no doubt about it, and the students' adulation in Peking came only a few days after Gorbachev, through his foreign minister, said that the Soviet Union would stop destroying its SS-23s unless the United States stopped urging the modernization of the Lance missiles. The Chinese students could not have known that the difference between what Gorbachev is threatening and what we are urging is that, under the INF treaty, the modernization of the Lance missile is perfectly legal, whereas under the same treaty it is not legal to prolong the life of the SS-23. Nor could the Chinese be expected to know that Gorbachev has not admitted that the radar facility at Krasnoyarsk is in violation of the ABM treaty; and that he agrees to destroy it only if the United States agrees to abide by an interpretation of that treaty which is pure improvisation.

Drugstore cowboys, one must suppose, walk out into the street, hail the mob, and tell them to come in for free ice-cream cones. That is how the Bush Administration clearly understands Mr. Gorbachev's lagniappe when he offered to destroy five hundred missiles, which is to say less than 3 per cent of his inventory, reducing the threat to export glasnostian Bolshevism to Western Europe and the rest of the world by a factor of nothing, since these missiles have been redundant for years. But the mob hailed the gesture as evidence of the sheer . . . generosity of Mikhail Gorbachev.

And there came to pass on Tuesday, May 16, the formal end of the Chinese-Soviet rift. And, heard from the lips of the Chinese premier, for the first time in Peking since 1959, the quaint coinage, "human freedom." He said that there was no reason why, under socialism, you couldn't also have economic productivity, democracy, and human rights. But then there was no reason for Mao, or for Lenin, or for Marx, or for original sin. □

THE U.S. & THE CHINA DEMONSTRATORS

NEW YORK, MAY 24

FROM THE White House and Kennebunkport the sounds directed to the student heroes of China are muted. The United States is in favor of democracy and free speech. . . . On the other hand, the United States does not wish for instability in China. . . .

Both sentiments are correct, but it depresses the spirit to hear the sound of a flute when the trumpet is what you yearn for. Even so, painful though it sometimes is to do so, we must pause and think: What is the United States in a position to do, materially, to help the counter-revolutionaries? Clearly nothing of a logistical character. Is there any threat we could use against the government of China, assuming we could locate it? Not really. Its very life is at stake; it would hardly help to threaten the Chinese with less Pepsi-Cola, or even fewer commercial credits.

The Voice of America and allied transmitters could, to be sure, egg on the students, as could the President in his public pronouncements. But what good would this do? It is inconceivable that we could add any nutrition beyond that which is fueling the ongoing demonstrations. The students and other demonstrators presumably know that the democratic superpower in the Western Hemisphere holds in pity and contempt the civil order of any state that can sponsor such monsters as the Cultural Revolution. This does not necessarily mean that the reiterations of belief in self-government and freedom are out of order; but from whom should they come?

A factor not to be dismissed is the paranoid xenophobia of a great power that for a century and a half was a plaything of the younger sons of European noblemen. It may be hypersensitive to give attention to the point, but the very last thing that would help the students would be to make even faintly credible the charge that their movement is in any way officially connected with U.S. policy; and certainly anything from the White House that explicitly encouraged the students would be interpreted by the Chinese government, with malice aforethought, as the reassertion of imperialist appetites. We know that to defeat what they interpreted as imperialism, the peasants of Vietnam gladly went forward first risking death at the hands of U.S. Marines, then ensuring servitude at the hands of a Communist government.

But one wonders at the absence of greater sound from relevant American organizations. When Senator Fulbright said that the United States Government has no proper quarrel with any other government in the world no matter how hideous its policies, so long as it did not seek to export those policies, he was tacitly distinguishing between the government and the people of the United States.

Why hasn't the AFL-CIO been more vociferous? What keeps it from calling an extraordinary session for the purpose of encouraging free labor in China?

And—even more to the point—what about the National Education Association, and the various teachers' unions: isn't the cause of the students in China their own cause? There was for many years something called the National Student Association, which withered on the vine during the mad years of the Sixties when it was captured by the Left—or, rather, when the Left's hold on it became so flagrant as to discredit it. There is no National Student Association today, but we should be hearing from student-body representatives. It has been already an entire exhilarating week. Stanford's Student Association would have gone into action within 24 hours if the Chinese students were seeking gay rights: why do we not hear from them?

The National Lawyers Guild, which has a long record as a Communist-front organization, can hardly be appealed to to protest the policies of a formal Communist government-in-place, but one might hope that there would be some lawyers within that organization willing to urge a declaration of support for the students, especially since these students protest that they do not wish to overthrow the Communist Party in China, merely reform it.

And our churches. The National Council of Churches might interrupt its filibuster against South Africa for the few minutes necessary to occupy itself with the most striking fight for freedom waged in this—century.

Yes, there is nothing to compare with what is going on in China today, in mass action demanding freedom. History can show that our government was cautious, as governments tend to be: but history should record that the American people were vibrant with sympathy, encouragement, and admiration. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Bird hunter's hideout (2 words) — DUCKBLIND — 107 73 89 15 114 24 34 82 47

B. An area's life forms and environment — ECOSYSTEM — 133 104 90 16 157 7 51 68 87

C. Old hands — VETERAN — 77 35 61 106 152 3 138 134

D. Of a particular body of medieval literature — ARTHURIAN — 70 126 101 8 95 49 153 131 28

E. Major Northeastern city (3 words) — NEWYORKCITY — 36 150 12 20 122 71 105 83 1 115

F. Where Orioles and Blue Jays play — STADIUM DIAMOND — 65 120 31 40 129 108 91

G. Ship — TRANSPORT — 56 151 29 39 100 109 88 128 17

H. Igor Sikorsky interest — HELICOPTER — 146 52 23 27 111 86 102 64 14 156

I. Fleeting — MOMENTARY EPHEMERAL — 76 127 41 84 118 67 10 110 112

J. Polar breeze (2 words) — NORTHWIND — 145 116 53 149 18 6 119 32 75

K. Site of Israeli rescue operation — ENTEBBE — 121 59 11 78 92 66 46

L. Marina sight — WHARF — 21 124 93 137 48

M. Hot-dog garnish — ONION — 155 74 139 58 30

N. Spray for cockroaches — FUMIGATE — 4 113 130 103 141 63 37 19

O. Renewed — FRESH — 97 45 60 148 85

P. Sarcasms — IRONIES — 142 79 42 54 147 13 117

Q. Military honor — CITATION — 33 81 132 50 94 22 136 2

R. Command — ENJOIN — 125 143 25 44 98 69

S. Spin — ROTATION — 99 72 154 38 123 55 9 140

T. "Falls" of the Snake River — SHOSHONE — 96 135 26 80 62 144 43 5

1 E I	2 Q N		3 C A		4 N F	5 T E	6 J W		7 B S	8 D H	9 S G	10 I R	11 K T		12 E W	13 P E	14 H E	15 A K
16 B S		17 G T	18 J H	19 N E	20 E Y		21 L W	22 Q I	23 H L	24 A L		25 R J	26 T O	27 H I	28 D N		29 G A	30 M N
	31 F A	32 J N	33 Q C	34 A I	35 C E	36 E N	37 N T		38 S A	39 G N	40 F D		41 I H	42 P O	43 T N	44 R O	45 O R	46 K E
47 A D		48 L F	49 D R	50 Q A	51 B T	52 H E	53 J R	54 P N	55 S I	56 G F	57 E Y		58 M O	59 K N	60 O E		61 C T	62 T H
63 N A	64 H T	65 F S		66 K B	67 I E	68 B E	69 R N		70 D A	71 E R	72 S O	73 A U	74 M N	75 J D		76 I E	77 C V	78 K E
79 P R		80 T S	81 Q I	82 A N	83 E C	84 I E		85 O L	86 H O	87 B M	88 G O		89 A C	90 B O	91 F M	92 K B	93 L A	94 Q T
95 D U	96 T S		97 O F	98 R I	99 S R	100G S	101D T		102H P	103N I	104B C	105E K	106C E	107A D		108F U	109G P	
110I A		111H C	112I L	113N U	114A P		115E T	116J O		117P S	118I M	119J I	120F T	121K E		122E O	123S T	124L H
125R E	126D R		127I P	128G R	129F I	130N M	131D A	132Q T	133B E	134C S		135T H	136Q O	137L R	138C N	139M I	140S N	141N G
	142P I	143R N		144T O	145J N		146H H	147P	148O S		149J T	150E E	151G R	152C R	153D I	154S T	155M	156H R
157B Y																		

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 59 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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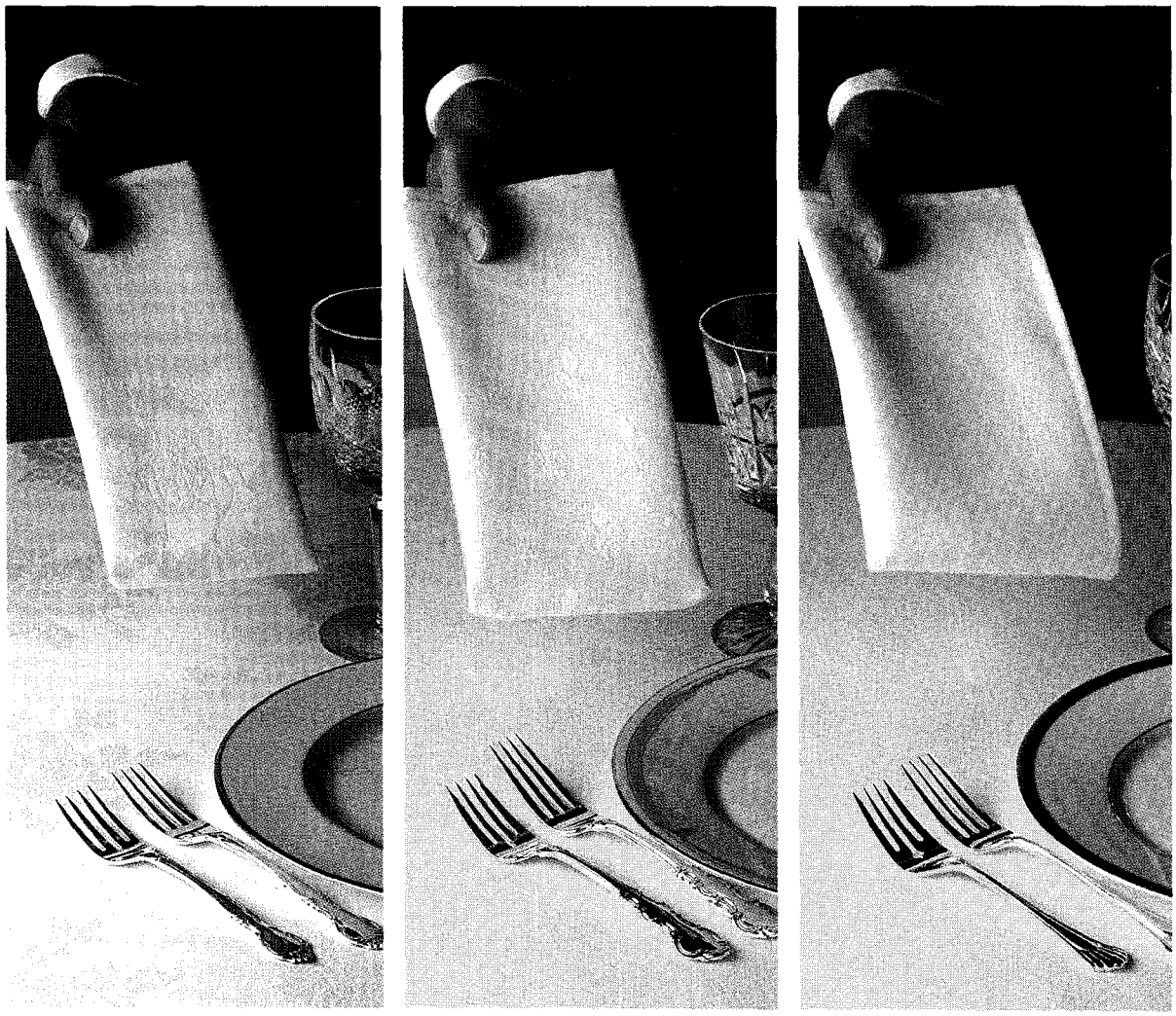
THE ART OF SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE



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